SUPERMAN
No. 77
OCT... TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION COMICS
ANOTHER SUPERMAN VERSUS PRANKSTER ADVENTURE!
GOT A MATCH, SUPERMAN?

SUPERMAN
by JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
THE DAILY PLANET PRINTS A MILLION NEWSPAPERS A DAY, EVERY ONE ALIKE. BUT WHEN THE ENTERPRISING PRANKSTER GOES TO PRESS, HE TAILORS THE NEWS TO FIT THE INDIVIDUAL CUSTOMER, AND POCKETS PRODIGIOUS PROFITS! FOR A TIME, THAT IS-- UNTIL SUPERMAN UPSETS THE CHUCKLING CHARLATAN'S PLANS BY MOVING EARTH AND OCEAN -- LITERALLY -- TO TURN FALSEHOODS INTO FACTS AND PUBLISH THE AMAZING OBITUARY OF--
"The HEADLINE HOAX!"
STEEL MILL VANISHES!
LINER LOST IN STORM!
READ 'EM AND WEEP
PLANET

IN PLANET SQUARE, METROPOLIS--"THE CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD"--THEY SAY ONE MAY SEE ALL THE INTERESTING PEOPLE ON EARTH, IF HE WATCHES LONG ENOUGH! SUCH AS --
PLANET SQUARE
DAILY
("--OH, FOR A PROFITABLE PRANK TO FINANCE A LONG JOURNEY, BEFORE SOME UNFRIENDLY POLICEMAN RECOGNIZES ME!--")
AND--
TODD STEEL AND MARSDEN STEAMSHIP LINE STOCKS ARE STILL GOING UP! I'D MAKE MILLIONS IF I COULD BUY CONTROL OF THOSE COMPANIES!
("--AMOS AMSTER, THE RICH--AND UNSCRUPULOUS--STOCK MANIPULATOR! AND WHAT HE'S SAYING GIVES ME MY BIG IDEA AT LAST,--")
DAIL
MR. AMSTER, I BELIEVE?
EH?... PRANKSTER! THERE'S A REWARD OFFER OUT SINCE YOU ESCAPED FROM PRISON! I'LL CALL A COP, AND--
THAT WOULD BE ONE ON YOU! IT WOULD KEEP YOU FROM BUYING CERTAIN STEEL AND STEAMSHIP INTERESTS VERY CHEAPLY!
WHAT! SAY THAT AGAIN!
HA, HA! NOT SO FUSSY WHEN YOU SMELL MONEY, ARE YOU?
HA, HA! I WAS ONLY JOKING! WHERE CAN WE TALK PRIVATELY WITHOUT RISKING MY REPUTATION!
AND SO, EARLY NEXT MORNING, BEFORE PLANET SQUARE IS FULLY AWAKE...
YOU JUST LET YOUR CUSTOMERS HELP THEMSELVES, DO YOU?
WHY NOT? NEARLY EVERYBODY CAN BE TRUSTED!
JOE THE BLIND MAN'S SELF-SERVICE NEWSSTAND
2
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU! I SHALL NOW HELP MYSELF TO YOUR NEWSSTAND, GLASSES, CAP AND COAT!
("--A RARE JEST, INDEED! HERE IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT, WHERE THE MEN I WANT TO SEE PASS A DOZEN TIMES A DAY, I PLAY A BLIND MAN'S PART--SELLING MADE-TO-ORDER NEWS THAT WILL MAKE THEIR EYES POP!--")

(– HERE COMES THOMAS TODD, OF THE TODD STEEL MILLS! I'LL SLIP THIS PAPER ON TOP FOR HIS SPECIAL BENEFIT!–")
EXTRA DAILY PLANET
EARTHQUAKE WRECKS TODD STEEL PLANT!
BY CLARK KENT
MORNING, JOE!...WH-WHY--WHAT'S THIS!
(– I'M RUINED! KENT WROTE THIS STORY, AND THE PLANET PRINTED IT, SO IT MUST BE TRUE! IF ONLY I'D SOLD TO AMSTER WHEN HE MADE ME THAT OFFER LAST NIGHT!–")
TOM TODD! FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
AMSTER! ER--ARE YOU STILL INTERESTED IN BUYING MY STEEL MILL?
YES, BUT NOT AT MY FIRST PRICE! I MIGHT POSSIBLY PAY YOU HALF THAT MUCH!
WELL GO TO YOUR OFFICE, AMSTER, AND SIGN THE PAPERS RIGHT AWAY!
HA, HA, HA! IT'S A SHAME THEY HAVEN'T A SENSE OF HUMOR SO THEY COULD LAUGH, TOO, WHEN THE PAYOFF COMES!
LATER...
(– MILTON MARSDEN, OWNER OF THE MARSDEN STEAMSHIP LINE--AND I'VE PRINTED A SPECIAL COPY OF THE PLANET FOR HIM, ALSO!–")
JOE THE BLIND MAN'S SELF-SERVICE NEWSSTAND
(– MY NEWEST, BIGGEST LINER! THIS WILL SHAKE PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN MY COMPANY! IT WILL BE RUINOUS!–")
(– HE'S TURNING PALE! THIS WILL BE A CINCH!–")
EXTRA DAILY PLANET
SS "REGAL" SINKS RETURNING TO U.S.
3

ER-I WAS ABOUT TO PHONE YOU, AMSTER, TO ACCEPT YOUR OFFER TO BUY ME OUT!
TOO LATE, MARSDEN! HOWEVER, I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER--BUT SMALLER--BID!
("-I WAS HOPING KILLER KRONK WOULD COME BY--AND HERE HE IS! UNDERWORLD GOSSIP SAYS HE MURDERED AND ROBBED THAT JEWELRY SALESMAN LAST NIGHT--AND SO I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIM!-")
HUH?!!
("-HA, HA! A SECOND AGO HE WAS CAREFREE, NEVER DREAMING THE POLICE SUSPECTED HIM--AS THEY PROBABLY DON'T!-")
DAILY PLANET
POLICE HUNT KRONK FOR JEWEL MURDER
BY CLARK KENT
("-HE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO WHEREVER HE HID THE JEWELS BEFORE HE GETS OUT OF TOWN! BUT I'LL TRAIL HIM AND RELIEVE HIM OF THE LOOT FIRST!-")
MOVIE
YES, YOU CAN SEE NEARLY EVERYBODY IN PLANET SQUARE--INCLUDING CLARK KENT, REPORTER!
("-I'LL SEE WHAT THE NEWS IS BEFORE I START COLLECTING MORE! BUT WHAT'S THIS? JOE'S CAP, COAT AND GLASSES--BUT NOT JOE!-")
JOE THE BLIND MAN'S SELF-SERVICE NEWSSTAND
GREAT SCOTT--SOMEONE'S TIED HIM UP AND GAGGED HIM!
NEWS
DAILY
WHO DID IT, JOE? WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?
DON'T ASK ME! SOME FELLER WHO LAUGHED A LOT WAS TALKING TO ME, AND ALL AT ONCE I GOT SLUGGED! I JUST COME TO!
4

LATER, IN THE NEWSROOM OF THE DAILY PLANET...
HELLO, LOIS! I JUST RAN INTO A MINOR MYSTERY AT JOE'S NEWSSTAND!
HERE'S A MAJOR MYSTERY! MARSDEN, THE STEAMSHIP MAN, PHONED THAT HE'S GOING TO SUE ME AND THE PLANET FOR A STORY I NEVER WROTE AND THE PAPER NEVER PRINTED!
HE CLAIMED I HAD A FRONT-PAGE ARTICLE SAYING HIS SHIP, THE "REGAL", WAS SUNK--AND THAT BEFORE HE FOUND IT WASN'T TRUE, HE SOLD OUT AT A BIG LOSS TO AMOS AMSTER!
SAVE THE REST 'TILL I ANSWER MY PHONE!
YOU PRACTICALLY RUINED ME WITH YOUR PHONEY STORY ABOUT THE EARTHQUAKE WRECKING MY STEEL MILL, KENT! AMSTER BOUGHT ME OUT FOR NEXT TO NOTHING BEFORE I LEARNED THE TRUTH!
MY STORY? STEEL MILL? AMSTER? ONE OF US MUST BE CRAZY, TODD!
NOW I'M GETTING BLAMED FOR A STORY I NEVER WROTE!
WAIT! HERE'S PERRY WHITE, ALL EXCITED!
GET OUT TO THIS ADDRESS RIGHT AWAY, LOIS! THE POLICE HAVE GOT KILLER KRONK THERE!
HE'S BEEN SLUGGED--AND THEY'VE FOUND A COPY OF THE PLANET CONNECTING HIM WITH THE MURDER OF THAT JEWELRY SALESMAN! ONLY WE HAVEN'T PRINTED ANY SUCH STORY!
IF I MAY COIN A PHRASE--THE PLOT THICKENS!
LOIS CAN HAVE THE STORY--BUT I'VE A HUNCH THERE'LL BE DETAILS CALLING FOR THE SPECIAL TALENTS OF SUPERMAN!
AT A SHABBY ROOMING HOUSE...
I AIN'T TALKIN'!
IS THERE ROOM FOR ONE MORE?
SUPERMAN!
5

HIS LANDLADY FOUND HIM SLUGGED AND CALLED US! WE FOUND THIS PAPER--BUT THE HEADLINE ISN'T IN ANY OTHER PAPER!
YET IT EVIDENTLY DROVE HIM HERE TO GET SOMETHING HE'D HIDDEN UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS--WHICH WAS PROBABLY STOLEN BY WHOEVER SLUGGED HIM! THAT SOMETHING COULD HAVE BEEN THE JEWELS!
("--SOMEONE WITH A SINISTER SENSE OF HUMOR SIGNED CLARK KENT'S NAME TO THAT PHONEY STORY--AND I CAN GUESS WHO! EVER SINCE THE PRANKSTER ESCAPED, I'VE BEEN EXPECTING SOME OF HIS NOT-SO-FUNNY JOKES!--")
HE WAS, MISS LANE--A TENTH OF A SECOND AGO!
THE LANDLADY SAID SUPERMAN WAS HERE!
("--AMSTER SEEMS TO HAVE PROFITED BY THESE TRICK HEADLINES! I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!--")
AT THE MOMENT, AMOS AMSTER IS HAPPILY AND UNSUSPECTINGLY HEADING INTO GRIEF . . .
WE DID IT, PRANKSTER! I'VE GOT THE PAPERS ALL SIGNED, AND I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER! I'M BROKE NOW, BUT IT WON'T BE FOR LONG!
IT MAY BE FOR LONGER THAN YOU THINK! YOU SEE, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SIGN OVER EVERYTHING TO ME!
YOU'RE KIDDING! I'D BE RUINED IF I DID THAT!
YOU'LL BE RUINED IF YOU DON'T--BY BULLETS! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!
HA, HA, HA! FUNNY, ISN'T IT? I SELL THE PROPERTIES BACK TO TODD AND MARSDEN FOR ALL I CAN GET--AND YOU WON'T DARE TALK FOR FEAR OF YOUR OWN SKIN! HA, HA, HA!
I'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF SHARP PRACTICES--BUT I NEVER KNEW A HUMAN BEING COULD BE AS CROOKED AS THIS!
STATEMENT
6

AND WHEN AMSTER, SADDER BUT WISER, RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE ...
SUPERMAN! AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE!
SO PRANKSTER PUT ONE OVER ON YOU!
SINCE YOU SEEM TO KNOW, WHY SHOULD I DENY IT? HE'S A CROOK-- A CHEAT-- A DEADBEAT! I DON'T KNOW WHY I TRUSTED HIM!
I'D FEEL SORRY FOR YOU, IF YOU HADN'T ROBBED TODD AND MARSDEN BY TRICKERY! YOU COULD GO TO PRISON FOR THAT!
BUT MAYBE I'LL FORGET ABOUT THAT, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN PUNISHED ALREADY-- PROVIDING YOU TELL ME WHERE PRANKSTER IS HIDING OUT!
YOU BET I'LL TELL, IF YOU LET ME GO! HE'S IN AN APARTMENT AT WALNUT AND JEFFERSON STREETS!
SECONDS LATER...
PLAYING POKER? LET ME SHOW YOU A GAME WHERE ONE PAIR BEATS THREE OF A KIND-- I MEAN A PAIR OF FISTS!
SUPERMAN!
SO DIS IS WHAT DA BOSS MEANT WHEN HE SAID WE WAS GONNA GET A SURPRISE!
I COULD KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY, BUT I HATE TO NEGLECT THE PRANKSTER! WHERE IS HE?
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! HE'S IN DA BACK ROOM!
LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN, LITTLE MAN-- BEFORE YOUR CUTE LITTLE JOKE BACKFIRES!
DAILY PLANET
HAW, HAW! ANOTHER JOKE ON SUPERMAN BY PRANKSTER
7

THERE'S A SAYING THAT MISERY LOVES COMPANY--AND HERE IN MARSDEN'S OFFICE IS PROOF OF IT!
SO THE SHORN LAMBS ARE PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER--TOO LATE!
SUPERMAN! WE WERE JUST WONDERING WHETHER WE COULD GET YOU TO HELP US!
AMSTER DOESN'T OWN YOUR PROPERTY ANY MORE! BUT SOMEONE WILL PROBABLY TRY TO SELL IT BACK TO YOU!
SOMEONE JUST PHONED, WANTING TO DO THAT! HE WOULDN'T GIVE ANY NAME!
BUT HE ASKED THREE TIMES WHAT AMSTER PAID US!
I'LL HELP YOU, IF YOU'LL HELP ME! WHEN HE CALLS AGAIN, TELL HIM YOU'RE NO LONGER INTERESTED IN SHIPS OR STEEL--BUT ARE LOOKING FOR BARGAINS IN JEWELS!
JEWELS? BUT WHY--?
NO BUTS, TODD! IF WE'RE SMART, WE'LL DO WHAT SUPERMAN SAYS, AND ASK NO QUESTIONS!
A BLUE-AND-CRIMSON FIGURE STREAKS AT BLINDING SPEED TOWARD A MIDWESTERN MANUFACTURING DISTRICT!
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE TODD STEEL MILL, JUST BELOW!
AND PRESENTLY, IN A GREAT SHED WHERE MOLTEN METAL FLOWS FROM FURNACES INTO HUGE LADLES...
JOE! PETE! LOOK! WE'RE UP IN THE SKY!
QUIT KIDDING, MIKE! GET BUSY BEFORE THE FOREMAN CATCHES YOU!
8
BUT MIKE IS NOT KIDDING--DECIDEDLY NOT!
QUITE A CHORE, LUGGING A STEEL PLANT INTO THE HILLS AND HIDING IT, WITHOUT INTERRUPTING PRODUCTION!

AN ACRE OF LAND AND BUILDINGS CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF TONS OF MACHINERY ARE TRANSPORTED ACROSS MOUNTAINS BY THE MIGHTY **MAN OF STEEL!**

I COULD DO IT FASTER, BUT I DON'T WANT TO SPILL ANY MOLTEN METAL OR HURT ANY OF THE WORKERS INSIDE!

FINALLY... NO ONE WILL FIND IT HERE--AND THE MEN HAVE PLENTY OF MATERIALS TO KEEP UP PRODUCTION FOR THE FEW HOURS THEY'LL BE OUT OF TOUCH WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD!

EASTWARD RACES **SUPERMAN**, FAR OUT OVER THE CALM ATLANTIC...

THERE'S THE "REGENT," DUE TONIGHT IN METROPOLIS! HER PASSENGERS DON'T REALIZE IT, BUT THEY'RE ABOUT TO MAKE A RECORD CROSSING!

AND SUDDENLY, AS HE PLUNGES INTO THE WATER AND SWIMS IN CIRCLES AT TERRIFIC SPEED, THE OCEAN IS NO LONGER CALM!

I'M AFRAID SOME OF THEM WILL FEEL A TOUCH OF SEASICKNESS--BUT IT WON'T LAST LONG!

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE LUXURY LINER...

THE PASSENGERS ARE GETTING PRETTY SCARED, SIR!

SO AM I! WHO EVER HEARD OF A STORM LIKE THIS WITHOUT WIND OR ANY OTHER APPARENT CAUSE?

WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED!

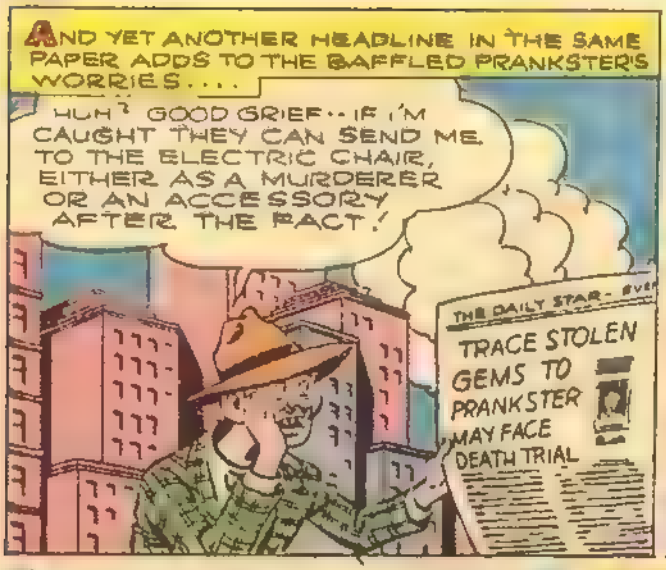
SEND OUT AN S-O-S!

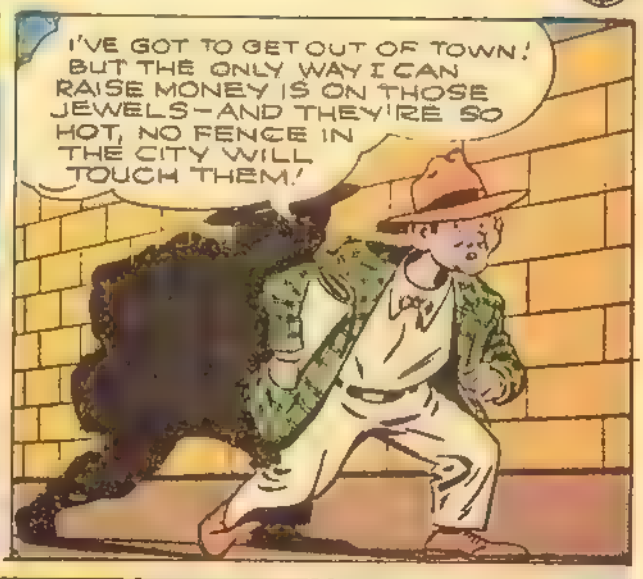
SUDDENLY...

SUPERMAN! PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN THIS FREAK STORM?

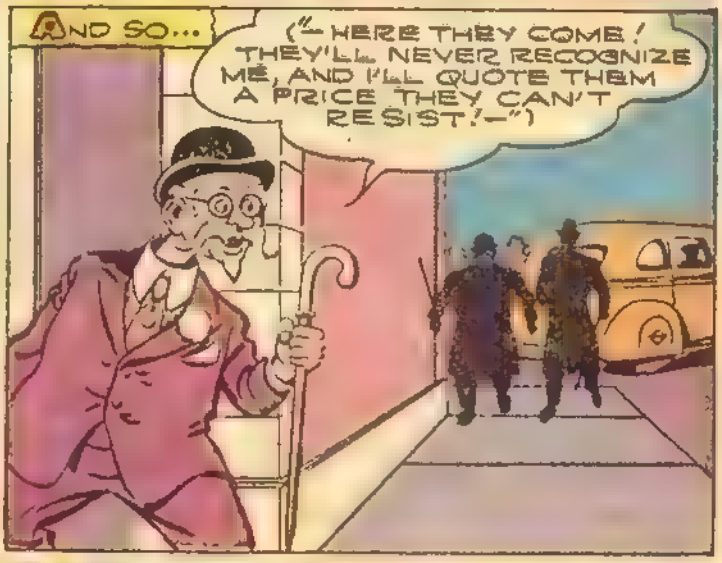
IF YOU'RE LOYAL TO MARSDEN, CAPTAIN, YOU'LL BE GLAD IT HAPPENED! IT WILL BE OVER SOON--BUT WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL TAKE YOUR PASSENGERS ON AHEAD OF YOU!

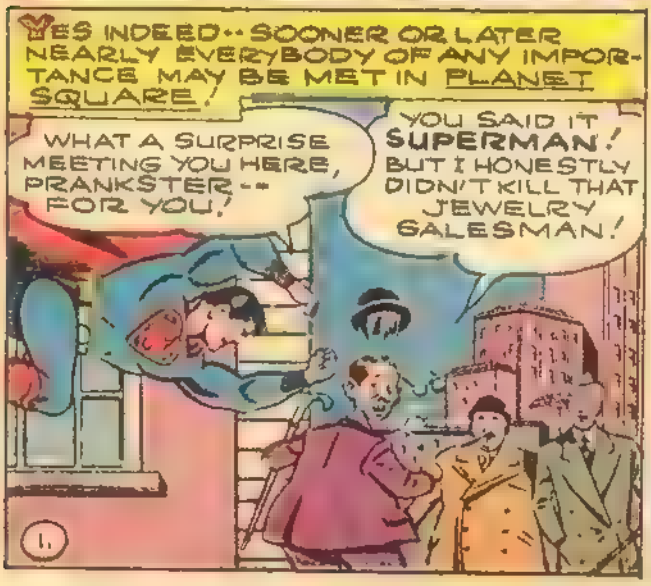
PREPARE TO ABANDON SHIP!
YOUR CREW CAN STAY BEHIND AND COME IN WITH THE VESSEL ON SCHEDULE
NEVER BEFORE IN HISTORY HAVE CAST-AWAYS MADE PORT SO SWIFTLY.
IT WILL TAKE TWELVE HOURS FOR THE "REGENT" TO MAKE PORT! I OUGHT TO DO IT JUST UNDER TWELVE MINUTES!
IN METROPOLIS HARBOR...
HOLD IT JUST A SECOND!
IT WAS A TERRIFIC STORM! WE'D ALL HAVE DROWNED IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR SUPERMAN!
NO DOUBT OF IT.. THE "REGENT" IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN!
WHAT A RESCUE-- AND WHAT A STORY!
SOME DAY I'LL GIVE YOU THE INSIDE STORY! BUT MEANWHILE, YOU CAN DO ME A FAVOR BY WRITING ANOTHER STORY--ABOUT STOLEN JEWELS!
LATE THAT AFTERNOON, TODD AND MARSDEN READ ASTOUNDING HEADLINES...
THIS TIME IT'S TRUE! IT'S IN ALL THE PAPERS!
I BELIEVE IT-- BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! BUT I'M GLAD WE TOOK SUPERMAN'S ADVICE AND TURNED DOWN WHOEVER WANTED TO SELL THE COMPANIES BACK TO US!
DAILY NEWS
SUPERMAN RESCUES 420 FROM LINER IN STORM
STEEL MILL
AND ONE OTHER READS--AND, STRANGELY, CAN'T FIND A THING TO LAUGH ABOUT!
IT'S NO JOKE! NO WONDER TODD AND MARSDEN WOULDN'T BUY THEIR COMPANIES BACK! NOBODY WILL NOW! AFTER ALL MY TROUBLE, I'M LEFT HOLDING THE BAG!
Daily Star
420 RESCUED BY SUPERMAN FROM LINER IN STORM!

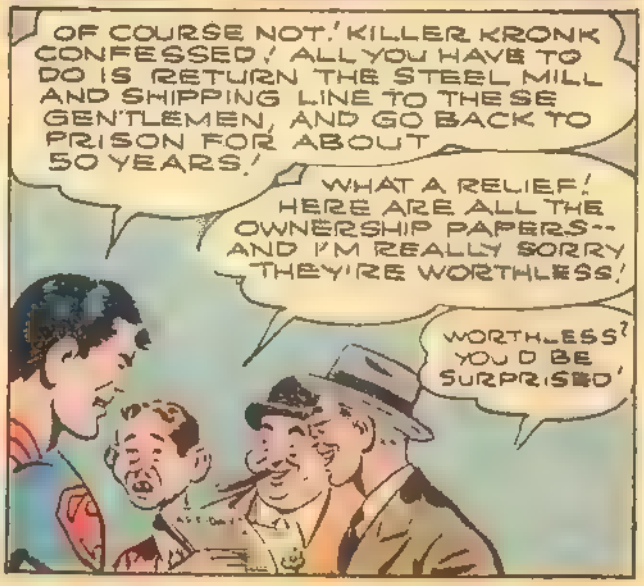

AND YET ANOTHER HEADLINE IN THE SAME PAPER ADDS TO THE BAFFLED PRANKSTER'S WORRIES....
HUH? GOOD GRIEF.. IF I'M CAUGHT THEY CAN SEND ME TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, EITHER AS A MURDERER OR AN ACCESSORY AFTER THE FACT!
THE DAILY STAR - EVE
TRACE STOLEN GEMS TO PRANKSTER MAY FACE DEATH TRIAL


I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF TOWN! BUT THE ONLY WAY I CAN RAISE MONEY IS ON THOSE JEWELS—AND THEY'RE SO HOT, NO FENCE IN THE CITY WILL TOUCH THEM!

BUT TODD AND MARSDEN ARE LOOKING FOR BARGAINS IN GEMS.. AND THEY'RE TOO DUMB TO SUSPECT ANYONE AS CLEVER AS ME! I'LL PHONE THEM, AND GET A FOOLPROOF DISGUISE...

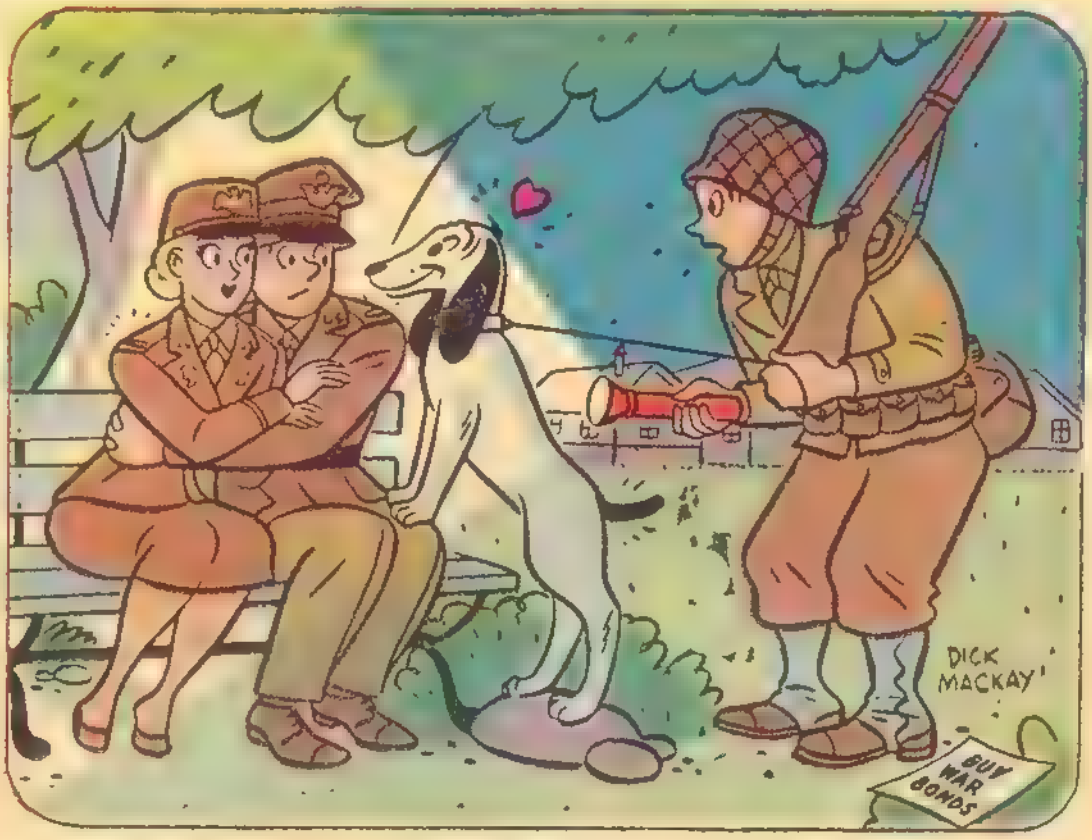

AND SO...
("—HERE THEY COME! THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE ME, AND I'LL QUOTE THEM A PRICE THEY CAN'T RESIST!—")


YES INDEED.. SOONER OR LATER NEARLY EVERYBODY OF ANY IMPORTANCE MAY BE MET IN PLANET SQUARE!
WHAT A SURPRISE MEETING YOU HERE, PRANKSTER—FOR YOU!
YOU SAID IT SUPERMAN! BUT I HONESTLY DIDN'T KILL THAT JEWELRY SALESMAN!
11


OF COURSE NOT! KILLER KRONK CONFESSED! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS RETURN THE STEEL MILL AND SHIPPING LINE TO THESE GENTLEMEN, AND GO BACK TO PRISON FOR ABOUT 50 YEARS!
WHAT A RELIEF! HERE ARE ALL THE OWNERSHIP PAPERS—AND I'M REALLY SORRY THEY'RE WORTHLESS!
WORTHLESS? YOU'D BE SURPRISED!

YOU SEE, THE "REGENT" WILL MAKE PORT ON TIME, AND I'LL HAVE THE STEEL MILL BACK WHERE IT BELONGS VERY SHORTLY!
HA, HA, HA! HA, HA, HA-HA-HA-HA!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
EVERYTHING! I FOOL PEOPLE WITH PHONEY HEADLINES--HA HA, HA!--AND YOU FOOL ME WITH TRUE HEADLINES EXACTLY LIKE THEM--HO, HO, HO!--AND IN THE END IT TURNS OUT THAT ALL OUR HEADLINES WERE TRUE AND FALSE AT THE SAME TIME!
HA HA, HA! WAIT TILL THE WARDEN HEARS ABOUT THIS!
BETTER PUT HIM IN A SOUNDPROOF CELL! HE'LL BE LAUGHING ALL NIGHT!
WE'LL PUT HIM AT HARD LABOR, SUPERMAN--AND HE WON'T HAVE ANY STRENGTH LEFT FOR LAUGHING!
SPEAKING OF HARD LABOR--THOSE STEEL WORKERS ARE GOING TO BE LATE GETTING HOME FOR SUPPER IF I DON'T HUSTLE!
NEXT MORNING...
WHAT A PAPER WE'RE GOING TO PUT OUT TODAY CLARK, YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHAT HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT!
LET'S SEE... THE "REGENT" CAME IN SAFELY... THE RUNAWAY STEEL MILL RETURNED... TODD AND MARSDEN GOT THEIR PROPERTY BACK AGAIN... THE PRANKSTER IS BACK IN PRISON--AND ALL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD!
I DON'T KNOW WHO TOLD YOU, BUT--
YOU DON'T HAVE TO ACT SO SMUG ABOUT IT, AS IF YOU'D DONE IT ALL YOURSELF INSTEAD OF SUPERMAN!
THE END
12

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries



"I'm sorry, Sirs!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" Does the slugging job of winning the war, man to man against the enemy.

WE KNOW it's mighty disappointing to hear your dealer keep saying—"No 'Eveready' flashlight batteries yet." But our Armed Forces and vital war industries are using these dependable batteries—and they're taking nearly all we can make.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK

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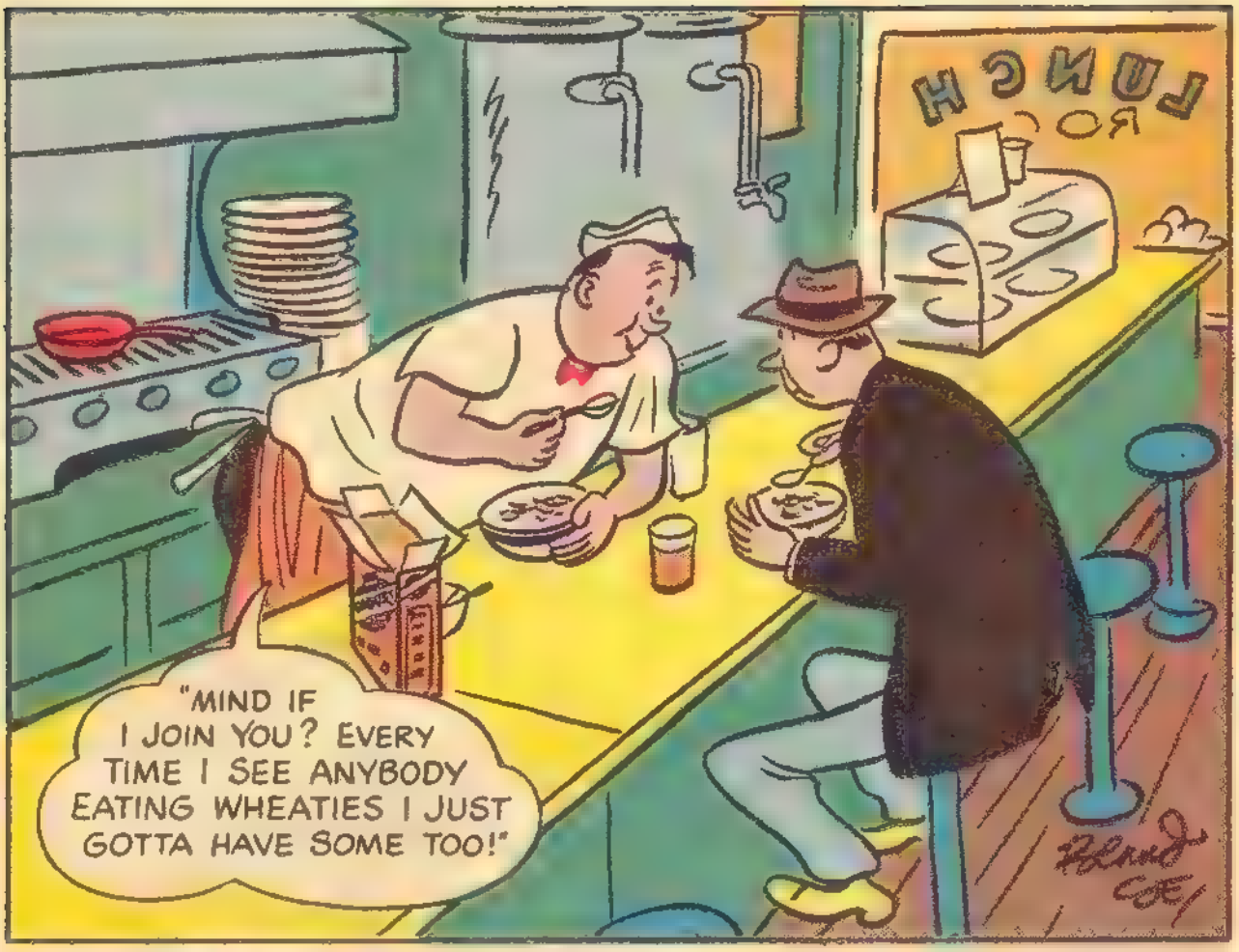
HAYFOOT HENRY
ONLY A PERSON MEAN AND MEPHITIC WOULD STOOP TO KIDNAP A GREAT ART CRITIC AND DENY TO ARCHIE, THE ARTIST, THE FAME HE HAS STRUGGLED SO LONG AND SO HARD TO CLAIM BUT HENRY, AS USUAL, TURNS OUT A HERO AND REDUCES THE VILLAIN'S PLANS TO ZERO WITH MIND AND MUSCLE, A POTENT MIXTURE THAT SOLVES THE CASE OF...
THE PUNCTURED PICTURE!
?
ON A QUIET STREET IN SLEEPYSIDE, A WORD OF FREE ADVICE IS HANDED OUT BY HENRY, WHO THINKS LAZINESS A VICE!
IDLENESS IN ONE SO YOUNG-- IT IS A CRYING SHAME! WHY DON'T YOU WORK AS OTHERS DO? WHO KNOWS? YOU MAY FIND FAME!
SMART GUYS DON'T WORK, OR DIDN'T YOU KNOW? THERE ARE EASIER WAYS TO MAKE BIG DOUGH!
EASY MONEY VANISHES LIKE A BUBBLE AND BRINGS ABOUT NO END OF TROUBLE!
YAH -- I'D JUMP OFF THE NEAREST CLIFF, RATHER THAN BE A WORKING STIFF!

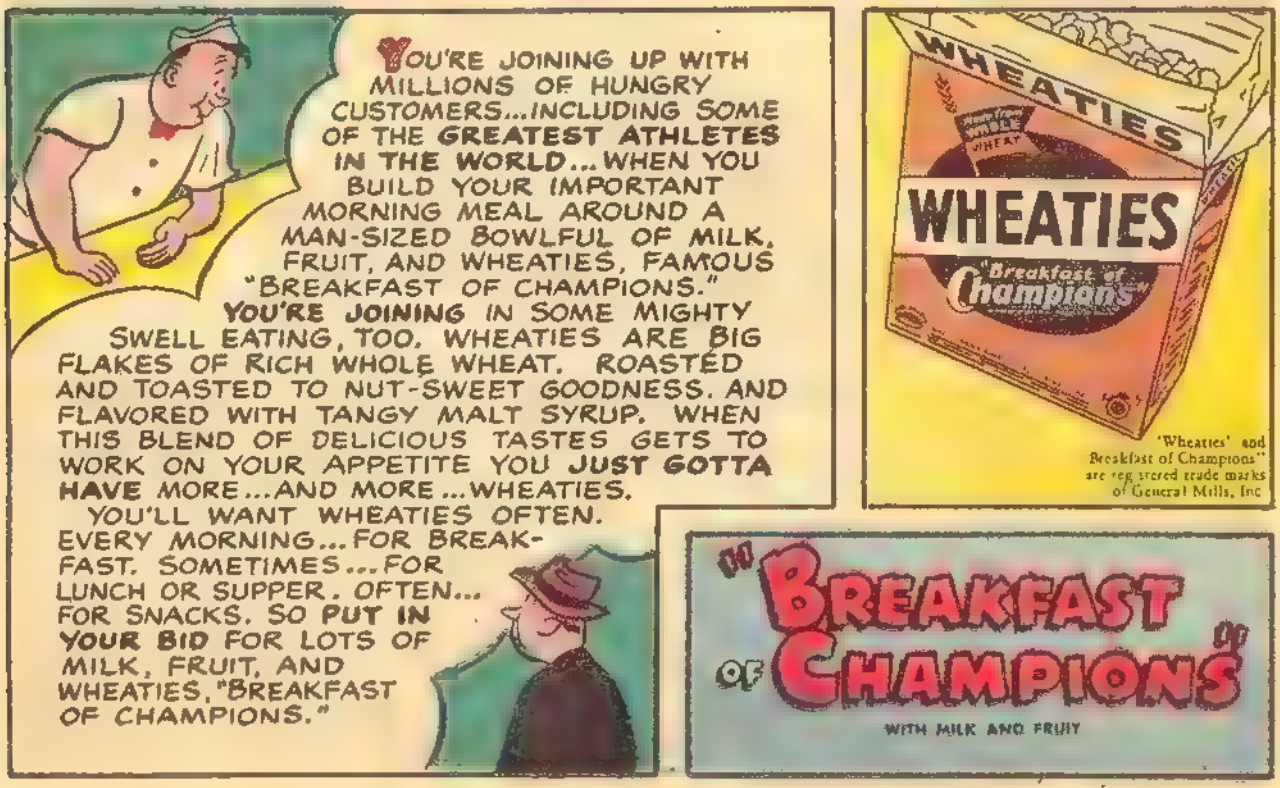
WHY, YOUR YOUTH IS JUST A WASTE--
OOPS! PLEASE FORGIVE MY HASTE
WELL, ARCHIE THE ART ST! ARE YA BEIN' CHASED?
NO BUT I MUST HURRY HOME THE GREAT ART CRITIC GUILLAUME DE GUILLAUME IS COMING TO LOOK AT MY PAINTINGS YOU KNOW TO SELECT ONE FOR HIS YEARLY SHOW!
IF YOU GET INTO THAT EXHIBITION YOU'LL WIN YOUR STRUGGLE FOR REGOGNITION!
HMM! GUILLAUME DE GUILLAUME! SUCH A LEARNED ONE MIGHT GIVE ME SOME HELP ON MY LEXICON. A RHYME FOR 'GAZETTE' PERHAPS HE'LL TRY --
WELL COME WITH ME AND ASK THE GUY!
SO LATER AT ARCHIES AWAITING THE CRITIC HENRY THE CONGROWS ANALYTIC
HIS ONE IS CALLED 'AFTERNOON OF A FAUN' ... VERY NEAT ... MARKED BY DAWN ... A FINE PRINCIPLED WORK IS IT A DAWN
YOUR WORK, M'SIEU! I'LL SEE IT AT ONCE! LET'S 'OPE YOU'RE A GENIUS AND NOT A DUNCE!
THE WORK IS READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION; THIS IS HENRY, ARTIST IN DIRECTION!
YOU'VE GONE TO SIX COLLEGES, I'VE HEARD DO YOU KNOW A RHYME FOR 'GAZETTE'-- A DIFFICULT WORD?
CEETLE I KNOW OF SUCH VERBAL MIXTURES! I AM ONLY ERE TO LOOK AT ZE PICTURES!
COMME CI, COMME CA! NOT GOOD, NOT BAD! NOT QUITE THE THEENG FOR ZE SHOW MY LAD!
--OH DEAR! AND WHEN HE SAW 'AFTERNOON OF A FAUN' ALL HE DID WAS QUIETLY YAWN!--

SO FAR, NO GOOD - THE CRITIC'S NOT PLEASED
BUT - AT THE LAST PAINTING - THE TENSION IS EASED!
WHAT EES THEES? CAN EET BE? SUCH COLOR!
SUCH LINE!
THEES EES A WORK EXCEEDINGLY FINE!
OH, I AM SO DELIGHTED!
SO EXCITED!
I INSEEST ON TAKING THIS ALONG WEETH ME!
EET WEEL HANG IN THE GALLERY FOR THE
WORLD TO SEE!
YIPPIE! REMBRANDT,
MICHELANGELO —
AND ME!
CLICK!
IN HENRY'S ROOM THE
FOLLOWING NOON...
WHAT RHYMES WITH "GAZETTE"?
I'LL GO CRAZY SOON!
HUH! A KNOCK AT THE DOOR
GUESS I'LL WORK NO MORE
KNOCK
KNOCK!
SOMEONE'S KIDNAPPED THE CRITIC—IT'S A CRYING SHAME!
UNLESS I PAY RANSOM, I'LL NE'ER ACHIEVE FAME!
KIDNAPPED! WHY, THIS IS MOST
UMBRAGEOUS!
LET'S SEE THE RANSOM NOTE--
AND TRY TO BE COURAGEOUS!
I've kidnapped the Critic,
but please don't stew.
To prove that what I say is true,
Your painting I'm returning.
The fame for which you're yearning
Should be worth five grand to you.
Leave the dough in the old hollow tree
And Guillaume de Guillaume will
be set free
To hang your painting
in his gallery!
AND NOT ONLY THAT--BUT THE PAINTING IS RUINED!
THERE'S A CIGARETTE BURN ON THE THROAT -
LIKE A WOUND!
THE VANDAL! IT'S THINGS LIKE
THIS THAT GET ME MAD!
BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN PATCH IT.
IT'S NOT SO BAD!
BUT THIS HOLE'S TOO EVEN FOR A CIGARETTE -
HMM - MAYBE A LENS WITH THE SUN SHINING THROUGH!
AH! GUILLAUME HAD A MONOCLE! WHY, I'LL BET
THIS HOLE IS DELIBERATE - IT'S A CLUE!

I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! A HOLE IN THE THROAT! THE CASE IS SOLVED! IT WON'T COST YOU A GROAT!
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, CAUSE IF YOU FAIL, THE SHOW IS OUT!
IF IT WERE ONLY AS EASY TO FIND A RHYME, AS IT'S GOING TO BE TO SOLVE THIS CRIME!
DEATH VALLEY
THIS IS THE PLACE—THAT MUST BE HIS FIRE! BUT WHAT A CLIMB DOWN! I HOPE I DON'T TIRE!
OOPS! ANOTHER SLIP AND THIS POOR SINNER WILL PROVIDE THE BUZZARDS WITH A DINNER!
ULP! IT'S HENRY THE COP! FROM WHERE DID YOU DROP?
SO, THIS IS HOW YOU MAKE EASY MONEY! WELL—YOU WON'T FIND THE GOING ALL MILK AND HONEY!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE A COP! HERE'S WHERE YOU TAKE AN AWFUL DROP!
OOPS! I'M FALLING! HOW APALLING!
ONE KICK, AND YOU'LL FIND BLISS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ABYSS!
--I'VE GOT TO TRY TO GRAB HIS BOOT. I'D GIVE A LOT FOR A PARACHUTE--

OOPS! LEGGO MY FOOT! DON'T DRAG ME OVER! I DON'T WANNA WIND UP PUSHING UP CLOVER!
AH--NOW IT SEEMS YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR TUNE, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE READY TO SWOON!
NOW TO SHOW YOU MY PINCERS PUNCH! YOU WON'T LIKE IT, I HAVE A HUNCH!
YEEOW! MY HEAD! I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED!
WHICH BRINGS US TO THE COUP DE GRACE!
I SHOULDA STAYED HONEST! ALAS! ALAS!
KERASH
LATER -- AFTER LOCKING THE CROOK IN A CELL, HENRY BRINGS THE CRITIC TO TELL ARCHIE ALL IS WELL!
NOW TELL ME, HENRY PLEASE, HOW YOU SOLVED IT WITH SUCH EASE!
BEFORE THE PAINTING WAS MAILED TO YOU, GUILLAUME BURNED A HOLE IN THE THROAT AS A CLUE. I REMEMBERED THAT THE FRENCH FOR THROAT IS "GORGE", SO TO THE GORGE I WENT, AND THAT'S ALL, BY GEORGE!
THE PAINTING'S PATCHED AND EVERYTHING'S RIGHT WE OUGHT TO CELEBRATE TONIGHT.
BIEN! HOW ABOUT A FRENCH DINNER WITH SAUCE VINEGARETTE?
EUREKA! THAT'S IT! IT RHYMES WITH "GAZETTE"!
I MUST HURRY AND WRITE DOWN "VINEGARETTE," BEFORE I FORGET THAT IT RHYMES WITH "GAZETTE"
HE EES A CRAZEE FELLOW--VERY!
NO, HE'S WRITING A RHYMING DICTIONARY!
THE END


LUNCH
"MIND IF I JOIN YOU? EVERY TIME I SEE ANYBODY EATING WHEATIES I JUST GOTTA HAVE SOME TOO!"
BRAD COE


YOU'RE JOINING UP WITH MILLIONS OF HUNGRY CUSTOMERS...INCLUDING SOME OF THE GREATEST ATHLETES IN THE WORLD...WHEN YOU BUILD YOUR IMPORTANT MORNING MEAL AROUND A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." YOU'RE JOINING IN SOME MIGHTY SWELL EATING, TOO. WHEATIES ARE BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. ROASTED AND TOASTED TO NUT-SWEET GOODNESS. AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY MALT SYRUP. WHEN THIS BLEND OF DELICIOUS TASTES GETS TO WORK ON YOUR APPETITE YOU JUST GOTTA HAVE MORE...AND MORE...WHEATIES.
YOU'LL WANT WHEATIES OFTEN. EVERY MORNING...FOR BREAKFAST. SOMETIMES...FOR LUNCH OR SUPPER. OFTEN...FOR SNACKS. SO PUT IN YOUR BID FOR LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."
WHEATIES
WHEATIES
"Breakfast of Champions"
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

VIGILANTE
YOU'VE MET THAT SLICKEST SCOUNDREL IN THE SPECTRUM OF CRIME, THE RAINBOW MAN... YOU'VE SEEN HIM REVEAL HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE CRIMINAL COLORS... AND YOU'VE SEEN HIM GO DOWN TO THE BLACKNESS OF DEFEAT AT THE HANDS OF THAT LARRUPING LARIATEER, THE VIGILANTE! BUT DON'T BE TOO ELATED... THERE'S ONLY A SHORT RESPITE IN STORE FOR THE WESTERN WADDY! FOR NOW HIS OPPONENT'S BACK, MORE DANGEROUS AND DETERMINED THAN EVER... AND THE PUNCHER FROM THE PLAINS FACES A SHOCK WHEN...
"THE RAINBOW MAN SEES RED!"
By Mort Morton Jr.

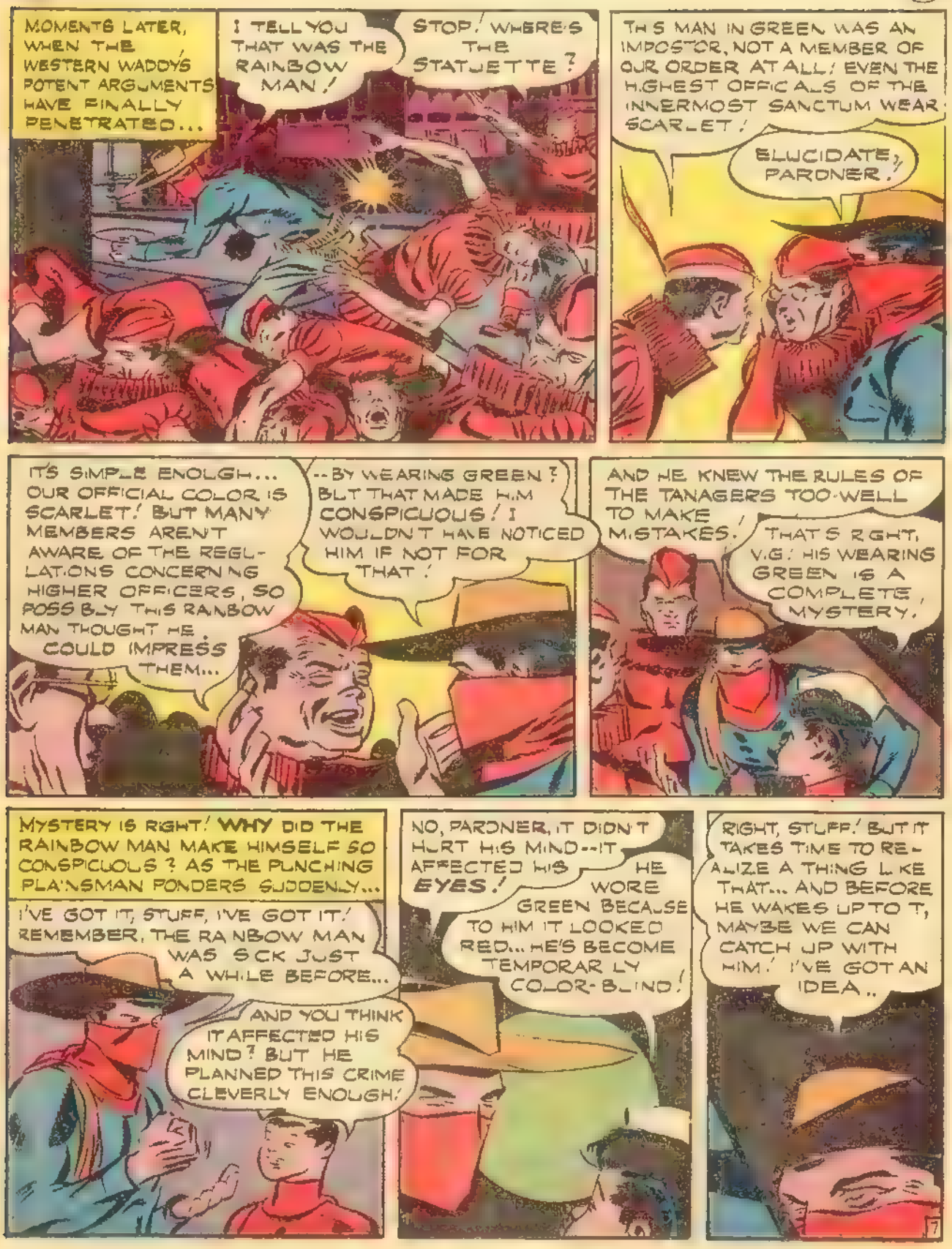
AMONG THE MORE DESPICABLE CHARACTERS IN THAT DOMICILE FOR DESPERADOES KNOWN AS THE STATE PRISON IS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, NOW SOMEWHAT UNDER THE WEATHER...
EASY, PAL... THE WARDEN SAYS TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM.'
YEAH HE'S GOTTA FACE TRIAL AND GET SENT TO THE CHAIR! BUT I DOUBT WHETHER HE'LL MAKE IT THE DOC SAYS HE LOOKS BAD.'
HOW THE MIGHTY HAVE FALLEN! THIS APPARENTLY MORIBUND MOBSTER IS NONE OTHER THAN THE RAINBOW MAN, OLD FOE OF THE VIGILANTE!
THE FOOLS! A FEW TRICKS TO MAKE MY TEMPERATURE RISE AND MY PULSE SPEED UP... AND THEY THINK I'M REALLY ILL!
WELL, THEY'LL KNOW BETTER SOON WHEN I STARTLE THEM WITH MY ESCAPE IN WHITE!
MEANWHILE, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...
HOWDY, VIGILANTE! WE WANTED YOU TO COME OVER AND GET SOME INFORMATION OUTTA THE RAINBOW MAN, SEEING THAT HE'S MORE AFRAID OF YOU THAN OF THE POLICE...
YOU FLATTER ME, PARDNER!
BUT I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T TALK TO HIM AFTER ALL! HE'S CAUGHT THIS SICKNESS THAT'S BEEN GOING AROUND... AND HE'S GOING TO BE OPERATED ON THIS AFTERNOON!
THAT SIDEWINDER THROWN BY A GERM... IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT, SOMEHOW!
IT'S TRUE NONE THE LESS! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF...
EVEN SEEIN' AIN'T BELIEVIN' WITH THAT RATTLER!
YUH GOTTA REALIZE HOW TRICKY HE IS, WARDEN! WHY, I REMEMBER THE TIME HE DISGUISED HIMSELF.
I'LL BE BACK IN A MOMENT, DOCTOR.
AS A DOCTOR... WHA...? IT'S HIM!
THE VIGILANTE!

AIMIN' REALLY TO MAKE YOU SICK, FOUR-FLUSHER!
SPIKE EGGHEAD... HELP!
OOOFFF!
TROUBLE WITH YOU, EGGHEAD, YOU AIN'T HARD-BOILED ENOUGH!
BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...
HAVE A LITTLE OF DIS ETHER, PAL... IT'LL PUTCHA OUTTA YER MISERY!
WHA... AAAAA...
EXCELLENT WORK, SPIKE! NOW TO FINISH WITH THE VIGILANTE ONCE FOR ALL!
BUT THE ALERT CHINATOWN KID SENSES THE EMERGENCY!
ONE CAREFULLY AIMED BULLET WILL DO THE TRICK
HUH..? SURE!/ HERE
WHA..? HAND ME YOUR KEYS WARDEN.. DR. STUFF WANTED IN SURGERY.
HERE'S THE KEYS TO THE SITUATION, RAT!
OWW-- 'LL GET YOU FOR THAT.
C'MON BOSS, WE GOTTA GIT! TH' GUARDS LL BE HERE SOON!
3

MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE WESTERN WADDY REVIVES....
THANKS, STUFF... FROM WHAT I HEAR, YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
FORGET IT, VIG--
THOSE KEYS STUFF THREW CAME IN HANDY TO THE RAINBOW MAN... THEY HELPED HIM ESCAPE
SHUCKS, WARDEN, HE DIDN'T REALLY NEED THEM.. HE HAD HIS ESCAPE ALL PLANNED BEFORE WE GOT THERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, VIG! HIS NEW-FOUND ASSISTANTS, SPIKE AND EGGHEAD, WERE ALREADY IN WHITE ROBES, MASQUERADING AS MY COL-LEAGUES..
AND JUST AS THE OPERATION WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN, THEY HIT THE GENUINE PHYSICIANS OVER THE HEAD! WE WERE TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!
YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IF YOU HAD REALIZED THAT THE RAINBOW MAN WAS FAKING!
BUT THAT'S THE PECULIAR PART OF IT ALL, VIGILANTE... HE WASN'T! AT LEAST, NOT ENTIRELY! HE WAS GENUINELY ILL! I'M TOO EXPERIENCED TO BE TAKEN IN BY AN ARTIFICIALLY STIMULATED TEMPERATURE OR PULSE
THAT'S THE REASON I HAD HIM BROUGHT TO THE HOSPITAL!
GALLOPIN' GOPHERS! AN' I'LL BET THE RAINBOW MAN DON'T EVEN KNOW IT! RECKON HE FIGURED HE HAD YOU FOOLED COMPLETE!
YES, THE RAINBOW MAN WILL LEARN BETTER! MANY DAYS LATER, AFTER A GENUINE FEVER HAS BROUGHT HIM NEAR TO DEATH...
BETTER LAY DOWN, BOSS. T AIN'T HEALTHY FER YA TO SIT UP YET!
IT'S HEALTHIER THAN STAYING HERE BEING NURSED BY YOU TWO MUGGS! AND BESIDES, I FEEL BETTER NOW...
SO I'D BETTER START MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME! OUR FIRST CRIME, GENTLEMEN, WILL BE ENTITLED A SYMPHONY IN SCARLET... I'VE BEEN PLANNING IT WHILE RECUPERATING!
JUST LIKE WE HEARD, BOSS, YOU SURE DON'T WASTE NO TIME! DAT'S WHY WE T'REW IN WID YOU, AN' HELPED YA ESCAPE!
4

YOU WON'T REGRET IT! NOW I'VE HAD THIS COSTUME PREPARED .. UNDOUBTEDLY, YOU RECOGNIZE IT!
SURE, BOSS! IT'S DA COSTUME OF DA ROYAL ORDER OF SCARLET TANAGERS. EXCEPT...
EXCEPT DAT DERE'S RED AN' DIS GREEN
DON'T JEST EGGHEAD... I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR LOW COMEDY! I CHOSE THIS SHADE MYSELF... IT'S EXACTLY WHAT I NEED
UGH SURE BOSS.. I DIDN'T MEAN NUTTIN', ONLY TA ME IT LOOKED..
QUIET, SAP YA KNOW HE DON'T LIKE TA BE CONTRADICTED! WHAT IF IT'S GREEN! HE MUSTA MEANT IT DAT WAY.
YEAH, SURE.. GUESS I JUST AIN'T USETA WOIKIN' WID A GUY DAT'S A GENIUS AN TALKS FUNNY!
AND SO IT HAPPENS THAT WHEN THE ROYAL ORDER OF SCARLET TANAGERS PARADES PROUDLY THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, A VERDANTLY RESPLENDENT FIGURE LEADS THE WAY...
HOLY SMOKE, GREG DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
THE RAINBOW VAN DESPITE THAT MASK OF HIS I CAN TELL BY THE WAY HE WALKS! THE NERVE OF THE VARMINT, STANDIN OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB WHERE EVERYBODY CAN SEE HIM!
BUT HE WOULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF CONSPICUOUS WITHOUT GOOD REASON! AND IT'S UP TO THE VIGILANTE TO LEARN IT! I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE AND CHANGE COSTUMES!
AS THE PROCESSION PASSES A REVIEWING STAND...
GREETINGS NOBLES OF THE ROYAL ORDER
GREETINGS TO THE MYSTIC MASKED MARSHAL.
ROYAL ORDER OF THE SCARLET TANAGER
I HUMBLY ACCEPT YOUR ROYAL BENEVOLENCE AND NOW, NOBLES, MAY I HAVE THE DIAMOND ENCRUSTED STATUETTE...
HUH..? BUT WE WERE GOING TO HAVE THE MAYOR HIMSELF PRESENT IT TO OUR ILLUSTRIOUS PAST PRESIDENT...

THE INNERMOST SANCTUM HAS DECIDED TO CHANGE OUR PLANS! GIVE IT TO ME QUICKLY, PLEASE!
I GET IT NOW, SPIKE! DA ORDINARY GUYS WEARS RED... BUT DA BIG SHOTS WEAR GREEN.'
YEAH, DAT MUST BE T
IMPRESSED BY THE RAINBOW MAN'S IMPERIOUS MANNER, THE NOBLES GRANT HIS DEMAND, AND PRESENTLY...
I NEVER SAW NUTTIN' LIKE T.' HE JUST ASKS FER IT... AN' DEY GIVE IT TO IM'
BUT SUDDENLY...
HOLD ON THERE, JAYBIRD.' I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY BEFORE YUH FLY AWAY
THE VIGILANTE
AND I DON'T AIM TO HAVE MY TALKIN' INTERRUPTED BY NONE OF YOUR HOSSTHIEF ERENDS, RAINBOW MAN
OW
CRACK
IT LOOKS LIKE AN EASY VICTORY FOR THE WESTERN WADDY, WHEN UNEXPECTEDLY...
BUT T OUT VIGILANTE' NOT EVEN YOU CAN TREAT A MYST C MASKED MARSHAL LIKE THAT AND GET AWAY WITH IT' HUH.' YOU DON T UNDERSTAND, PARDNERS. THAT COYOTE AN T...
WE'LL THANK YOU TO STOP INTERFERING WITH OUR R TUAL.'
WELL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED.'
AND AS THE VIGILANTE ATTEMPTS TO FIGHT HIS WAY CLEAR...
HOME SPIKE. IT SEEMS OUR FRIENDS INSIST ON BEING ROBBED.'
BOSS ME FEEL N' OF ADMIRATION FER YER GENIUS IS BEYOND WOIDS.'
WH
WL


MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE WESTERN WADDYS POTENT ARGUMENTS HAVE FINALLY PENETRATED...
I TELL YOU THAT WAS THE RAINBOW MAN!
STOP! WHERE'S THE STATUETTE?
THIS MAN IN GREEN WAS AN IMPOSTOR, NOT A MEMBER OF OUR ORDER AT ALL! EVEN THE HIGHEST OFFICALS OF THE INNERMOST SANCTUM WEAR SCARLET!
ELUCIDATE, PARDNER.
IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH... OUR OFFICIAL COLOR IS SCARLET! BUT MANY MEMBERS AREN'T AWARE OF THE REGULATIONS CONCERNING HIGHER OFFICERS, SO POSSIBLY THIS RAINBOW MAN THOUGHT HE COULD IMPRESS THEM...
--BY WEARING GREEN? BUT THAT MADE HIM CONSPICUOUS! I WOULDN'T HAVE NOTICED HIM IF NOT FOR THAT!
AND HE KNEW THE RULES OF THE TANAGERS TOO-WELL TO MAKE MISTAKES!
THAT'S RIGHT, V.G.! HIS WEARING GREEN IS A COMPLETE MYSTERY.
MYSTERY IS RIGHT! WHY DID THE RAINBOW MAN MAKE HIMSELF SO CONSPICUOUS? AS THE PUNCHING PLAINSMAN PONDERS SUDDENLY...
I'VE GOT IT, STUFF, I'VE GOT IT! REMEMBER, THE RAINBOW MAN WAS SICK JUST A WHILE BEFORE...
AND YOU THINK IT AFFECTED HIS MIND? BUT HE PLANNED THIS CRIME CLEVERLY ENOUGH!
NO, PARDNER, IT DIDN'T HURT HIS MIND--IT AFFECTED HIS EYES! HE WORE GREEN BECAUSE TO HIM IT LOOKED RED... HE'S BECOME TEMPORARILY COLOR-BLIND!
RIGHT, STUFF! BUT IT TAKES TIME TO REALIZE A THING LIKE THAT... AND BEFORE HE WAKES UP TO IT, MAYBE WE CAN CATCH UP WITH HIM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA..
7

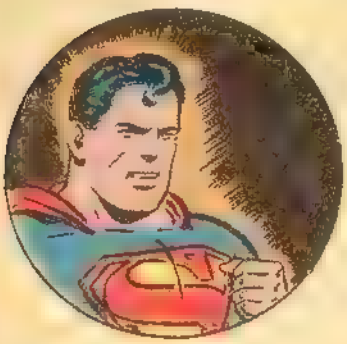
WELL THE VIGILANTE'S PLAN WORK? AT LEAST IT GET'S OFF TO A GOOD START, FOR ON THE FOLLOWING DAY...
WELL, IMAGINE THAT. IT SEEMS GENTLEMEN, THAT OUR CRIMES, FOR THE PRESENT, ARE TO FOLLOW A CONSISTENT PATTERN IN RED!
DAILY BUGLE
RUBY OF DESPAIR TO BE EXHIBITED IN RUBY ROOM OF JEWELERS' BUILDING!
THIS TIME WE'LL ALL WEAR UNFORMS TO MATCH OUR PRIZE... THE RUBY OF DESPAIR.
ANYTHING YOU SAY, BOSS.. I LIKE TA WEAR RED ANYWAY, 'CAUSE IT SETS OFF ME COMPLEXION SO NICE!
BUT WHEN THE UNIFORMS FINALLY ARRIVE.. A DAZZLING GREEN SMITES BEWILDERED EYES!
EVER SEE A MORE BEAUTIFUL SHADE OF RED THAN THIS?
HUH..? ARE YOU JOKIN', BOSS?
QUIET, SAP! DA BOSS KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOIN'!
WHILE AT THE RUBY ROOM...
THE TRAP IS SET, VIGILANTE! IF THE RAINBOW MAN, AS YOU EXPECT, MAKES THE MISTAKE OF WEARING A GREEN UNIFORM...
RUBY
AS HE VERY LIKELY WILL BECAUSE HE CAN'T TELL RED FROM GREEN.. SO WE'LL JUST HIDE BEHIND THESE CURTAINS... AND WAIT FOR HIM TO SHOW UP!
FINE!
THE PLAN IS PERFECT, THE TRAP PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL... AND THEN, BY AN IRONIC, UNFORESEEN TWIST OF FATE...
HEY, BOSS, DA RUBYS UPSTAIRS!
MUSTN'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS, SPIKE! THERE'S EVIDENTLY BEEN A MIXUP!
THE MISLEADING TITLE OF EMERALD MAY DECEIVE OTHERS, BUT NOT THE RAINBOW MAN!
AHAHA!
8

AND AS THE WESTERN WADDY IMPATIENTLY AWAITS THE SIGNAL FOR ACTION...
THERE'S A BIG CROWD, VIG, BUT NO SIGN OF THE RAINBOW MAN.
HE'LL SHOW UP, PARDNER, HE CAN'T RESIST... HUH, WHAT'S THAT?
HELP! THE EMERALD'S GONE!
I JUST REALIZED, PARDNER.. TO THE RAINBOW MAN, THAT GREEN EMERALD LOOKS RED! HE THINKS IT IS THE RUBY!
HELP!
UH-OH!
THERE HE IS, TRYIN TO GET AWAY!
OUR COWBOY FRIEND AGAIN! STEP ON IT, SPIKE... THIS TIME HE'S TOO LATE.
NOT QUITE, S'DEWNDER. THIS'LL KEEP YUH FROM GETTIN' TOO FAR AHEAD OF ME!
HMM, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... GIVE HER THE GAS, SPIKE!
THE ROAR OF A RACING MOTOR... AND...
THEM VARMINTS AIM TO KILL ME! I'D BETTER FIND THE ANSWER TO THIS FAST!
DANGER SPURS THE WADDY TO ACTION.. AND SAFETY!
LUCKY THIS HERE TOWN STILL HAS TROLLEY CARS.
HUH...? HE'S TAKING IT EASY!
YOU'RE GETTING OFF HERE, CHUM! WE'RE NOT HANDING OUT FREE RIDES TODAY!
SHUCKS, AND I THOUGHT YOU LIKED MY COMPANY!

BUT AS THE FLEEING CRIMINALS WIDEN THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THEMSELVES AND THEIR PURSUER...
HOP ON, VIG.'
STUFF, YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER! JUST IN TIME TO HELP CATCH THEM RATTLERS.
MEANWHILE, UP AHEAD...
WE'LL JUST MAKE ANUDDER TO'N AROUND DAT CORNER... AN' TROW DA VIGILANTE OFF OUR TRAIL COMPLETE!
HOLD ON, SPIKE, THERE'S A POLICEMAN WATCHING... BETTER NOT EXCITE HIS SUSPICIONS BY PASSING A RED LIGHT!
HUH..? BUT DAT'S A GREEN LIGHT.'
IT'S RED, YOU FOOL! AND I SAID STOP!'
WHY, DA GUY'S WHACKY!
SCREEC
SECONDS LATER...
JUST OFF HIS HEAD, DAT'S WHAT HE IS! AN' HERE COMES DA VIGILANTE!
THEY'RE WAITING FOR US! HOW NICE OF THEM!
MIND IF I DROP IN, VARMINTS?
I'M AFRAID OF WHAT'S COM'N'!
OWTW!
LATER, AFTER THE VIGILANTE'S FISTS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK..
I THINK THIS ENDS THE RAINBOW MAN'S LATEST ESCAPADE, STUFF,' SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU,... BUT I HAD TO ACT FAST.' AND IS THE RAINBOW MAN'S FACE RED.'
TO ME HE LOOKS KIND OF GREEN AROUND THE GILLS -- HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING COLOR-BLIND, V.G.'

CLANCY
THE COP
HENRY BOLTINOFF
TO THE POND
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN PUT THERE TO KEEP THE KIDS OFF!
DANGER THIN ICE
YOU JUST HAVE TO BE CAREFUL ON A LAKE — THAT'S ALL!
HEY YOU - CAN'T YOU READ THE SIGN?
SPLASH!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA



ARE YOU A GOOD AMERICAN?

THAT IS THE GUIDING BEACON BEHIND THE SUPERMEN OF AMERICA. IF YOU ARE NOT YET A MEMBER, JOIN NOW AND BECOME ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS WHO HAVE PLEDGED THEMSELVES TO UPHOLD THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY IN THEIR EVERYDAY LIVES. THAT'S THE FIRST STEP TO BECOMING A GOOD AMERICAN!

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

TUZ TUC GTJ ZNKT, HAZ GRR ZNK ZOSK—HAYZ G NOZRKX NUVK COZN G CGX YZGSV JOSK!

SUPERMAN, OCT.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME ..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

OUTSMARTING A SABOTEUR!
?
TICK
IT'S 3 A.M. — "R.C." AND HIS PAL QUICKIE ARE BOUND FOR THE NATION'S CAPITAL ON THE CRACK SENATORIAL LIMITED!
WAKE UP, QUICKIE! THAT GUY'S CARRYING A BAG THAT'S TICKING!! C'MON!
POP!
HOLD IT, WISE GUYS, AND GRAB SKY! I'M PLANTING THIS BOMB RIGHT HERE IN JUST 10 MINUTES THIS TRAIN'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS AND YOU'RE GOING WITH IT!
DON'T MOVE, "R.C." HE'S GOT A GUN!
GET IN THAT WASHROOM AND COOL OFF! I'M GONNA JUMP THIS RATTLER AT THE NEXT SLOW CURVE!
I WOULDN'T MIND IF I COULD COOL OFF WITH A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA!
THE SABOTEUR DOESN'T NOTICE "R.C." REACH FOR A HEAVY TRAIN DIRECTORY IN THE RACK
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! YOU GRAB THE BAG, QUICKIE, AND TOSS IT OUT THE WINDOW! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'M SHAKING LIKE A JEEP!
TAKE IT EASY, QUICKIE— I KNOW WHAT WE NEED
BOOM!
M-M-M! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!
YOU BOYS DESERVE THE BEST!
WE'VE GOT IT— ROYAL CROWN COLA— THE BEST-TASTING COLA OF 'EM ALL
YOUTHFUL
BONITA GRANVILLE SAYS:
CHECK! IT SURE TASTES BEST!
Lovely Bonita Granville found her favorite quick-up when she took the famous cola taste test. After trying [illegible] paper cups she picked the best-tasting one. It was Royal Crown Cola. Try it. 2 full glasses in each 5¢ bottle.
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste Test!
COLA
5¢

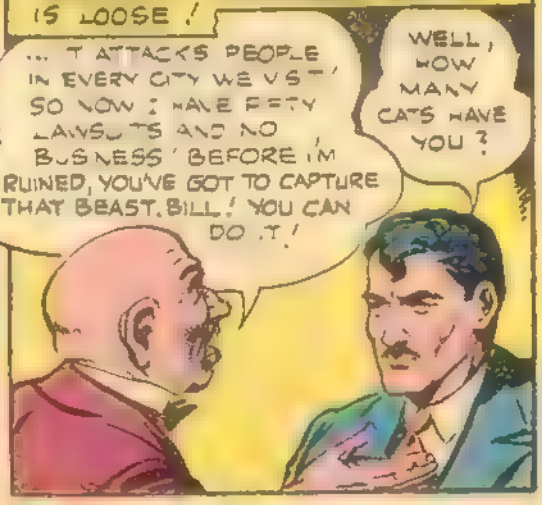
CONGO BILL

CONGO BILL COMES HOME AFTER ROAMING THE STRANGE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH! BUT THE MASTER JUNGLE-HUNTER, BEAST-TAMER AND TRAIL-BLAZER FINDS DANGER EVEN WHEN HE ISN'T LOOKING FOR IT, AS THE BIG CITY WELCOMES HIM WITH A PERILOUS PUZZLE OF CLAWING CATS! FOR WHEN SPOTTED DEATH SPRINGS SUDDENLY DOWN OUT OF THE NIGHT, CONGO BILL MUST MATCH SHARP WITS AND STRONG SINEWS AGAINST... "THE LEAPING LEOPARD!"

BACK TO CIVILIZATION TO EQUIP ANOTHER JUNGLE SAFARI, CONGO BILL RELAXES BY VISITING AN OLD CIRCUS FRIEND...

JACK BLANE, YOU OLD TROUPER! HOW'S THE PEANUT AND ELEPHANT BUSINESS?
CONGO BILL! SO YOU'RE BACK FROM AFRICA?... AND AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
BIL

THE CIRCUS OWNER EXPLAINS HIS WORRIES... A MYSTERIOUS LEOPARD IS LOOSE!

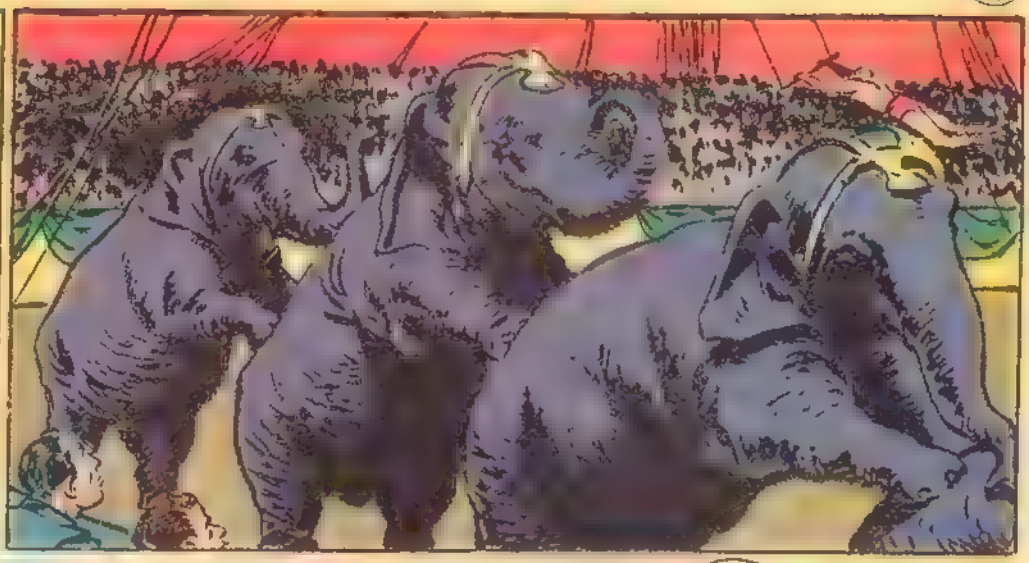

... IT ATTACKS PEOPLE IN EVERY CITY WE VISIT, SO NOW I HAVE FIFTY LAWSUITS AND NO BUSINESS! BEFORE I'M RUINED, YOU'VE GOT TO CAPTURE THAT BEAST, BILL! YOU CAN DO IT!
WELL, HOW MANY CATS HAVE YOU?

THAT'S THE STRANGE PART OF ALL THIS EVERY SINGLE SPOTTED CAT I OWN IS RIGHT HERE... YET THE MAULED VICTIMS ALWAYS INSIST THEY'VE FOUGHT OFF A CIRCUS LEOPARD!
ALL RIGHT, JACK... I'LL JUST DRIFT AROUND A BIT TO SIZE THINGS UP!
WHILE THE BIG SHOW IS ON, THE RETURNED EXPLORER PATROLS THE TENTS. SUDDENLY A SHRILL SCREAM RIPS THE NIGHT!
EEEE...EEE!
WHA-? THAT'S EITHER THE SCREAM OF A LEOPARD OR A VERY GOOD IMITATION!
SURE ENOUGH! AND WHAT A GIANT!
THE PROWLING PERIL SLINKS SWIFTLY AWAY INTO THE SILENT SHADOWS!
KEEP CALM, EVERYBODY! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!
ARE YOU HURT, MADAM?
NO, BUT ITS HOT BREATH - ITS AWFUL FANGS!
AND MY DIAMOND BROOCH IT'S GONE! I'VE BEEN ROBBED
IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF... LETS LOOK AROUND!
AFTER A CAREFUL, YET FRUITLESS SEARCH...
NOW I'LL SUE YOU! FOR THE BEAST'S ATTACK... AND MY LOST DIAMONDS!
IN THE PREVIOUS LEOPARD RAIDS, JACK, WERE JEWELS ALSO MISSING?
I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU THAT! YES, EVERY VICTIM CLAIMS TO HAVE LOST SOME-THING...
SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?
2

IT'S MORE TROUBLE ... A CIRCUS FEUD!
ACH! FARBACH, AUSTRIA'S FOREMOST ANIMAL TRAINER, HE GOES FIRRST IN PARRADE!
YOU AND THOSE MANGY LIONS! I AM ZOLLINI, THE GREAT TRAPEEZE ARTIST I ENTER FIRST!
ANIMAL TRAINER! BAH
YOU I VILL SMASH....
THE TEMPERAMENTAL HEADLINERS ARE PARTED...
YOU'LL GO IN SIDE BY SIDE...YOU'RE BOTH BIG STARS!
WHY HAVE YOU NOT CAUGHT THE GHOST LEOPARD, YOU ANIMAL TRAINER!
I HAF NOT TO ANSWERR YOU!
QUARRELS, JEALOUSIES, NOTHING BUT WORRIES!
HMM... LEOPARDS WOULDN'T STEAL DIAMONDS OF THEMSELVES...BUT AN ANIMAL TRAINER MIGHT TRAIN ONE..! I'M GOING TO SLIP OFF AND PROWL AROUND...
AT LAST! NO ONE IS AROUND! NOW... WHERE TO SEARCH?
FARBACH'S FELINES
AND IN THE FIRST DRAWER CONGO BILL OPENS...!
A-HA. NOT VERY WELL HIDDEN, WAS IT?
SUDDENLY..
YOU THIEF! I CATCH YOU!
FARBACH! -S ACT'S OVER!
IT TAKES A CROOK TO CALL ONE WHERE'S YOUR TRICK LEOPARD, FORBACH?
I NOT CROOK!
3

OKAY, EGG! ONCE OVER... BUT NOT LIGHTLY!
OOHH!
NOW START TALKING!
ACH, VAIT! LOOK! YOU OR I NOT MAKE THIS FOOTPRINT!
I VEAR BOOTS, YOU SHOES! MAYBE EVIL THING MAKE DIS PRINT DROP JEWEL YOU FIND!
I DON'T TRUST YOU YET, FARBACH! BUT THIS QUEER PRINT IS WORTH INVESTIGATING!
BACK TO THE BLACK SHADOWS WHERE THE GHOST-LEOPARD VANISHED . . .
CONGO BILL IS GREAT ANIMAL TRACKER...
HERE'S WHERE I DROPPED THE TRAIL BEFORE!
RIGHT HERE, THAT RICH LADY FOUGHT OFF THE LEOPARD I SAW... BUT I DON'T SEE ANY CLAW MARKS OR LEOPARD PRINTS! THAT'S STRANGE! AND I REMEMBER NOW, SHE WASN'T EVEN SCRATCHED!
THEN...
LOOK! NO LEOPARD PAW MARKS...ONLY THESE SAME AS IN YOUR TENT!
WHAT CAN IT BE? DEVIL TIGER? SPIRIT CAT?
NO, FARBACH! NONE OF THOSE THINGS! I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF WHAT IT IS! NOW... I THINK I'LL WATCH THE CIRCUS INSIDE!
4

LATER- THE BIG SHOW! PONDEROUS PACHYDERMS! PEANUTS! CAPERING CLOWNS! DEATH-DEFYING FEATS ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE! AND CONGO BILL WATCHES EVERYTHING CAREFULLY, HIS KEEN EYES ALERT, HIS MIND RACING..



THEN, THE PERFORMANCE OVER, CONGO BILL TAKES UP THE TRAIL!

I'LL FOLLOW YOU, MY FRIEND! AND I DON'T THINK I'M MAKING ANY MISTAKE!

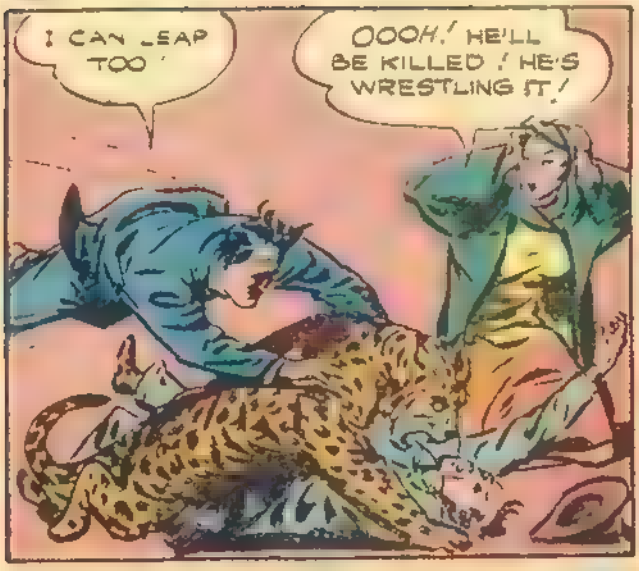
HIS FOOTSTEPS DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

HE DUCKED IN THERE!

IN A MOMENT... SINISTER AND SILENT... A POWERFUL FANGED FURY PREPARES FOR ACTION!

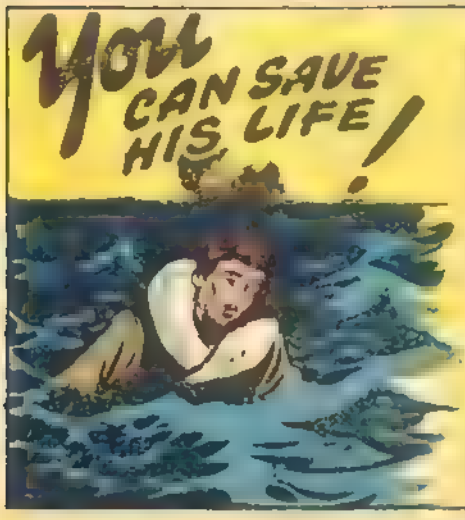
THERE IT GOES-UP THAT TELEPHONE POLE!

WITH A FIERCE SNARL, THE LEOPARD LEAPS UPON THE APPROACHING COUPLE!



LATER, BACK AT THE CIRCUS WITH HIS CAT-CAPTIVE...
HERE'S YOUR FACE GHOST-LEOPARD A JEWEL THIEF WHO TRIED TO FRAME FARBACH.
IT'S ZOLLINI, THE AERIAL ARTIST AND TIGHTROPE WALKER

CONGO YOU'VE SAVED MY CIRCUS!
THOSE TRAPEZE SHOES OF HIS GAVE HIM AWAY! THEY LEFT PRINTS IN FARBACH'S TENT AND AT THE LAST ROBBERY! AND ZOLLINI'LL LEAD YOU TO THE LOOT HE'S PLED UP!
YOU ARE VUN GREAT HUNTER, CONGO BILL



EVERY SAILOR EVERY SOLDIER ABOARD A TRANSPORT OR LANDING ON AN ENEMY BEACH EVERY AIRMAN FLYING OVER WATER MAY NEED HIS LIFE BELT DESPERATELY THIS BELT MUST BE STUFFED WITH A BUOYANT, WATER IMPERVIOUS FIBRE KAPOK USED UNTIL THE INITIAL JAPANESE SUCCESSES CAME PRINCIPALLY FROM JAVA. OUR SUPPLIES ARE NOW CUT OFF BUT A SUBSTITUTE HAS BEEN FOUND--

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TERROR'S VICTIM

by Tod Lowry

THEY selected Old Pao because he didn't know Death. When a man is as ancient as Pao, he has nothing to fear from the Grim Reaper. By now, Death was his friend, and with that friend he had an appointment—whether on the morrow, or on the following day, or later, made little difference.

Captain Shima explained it this way to his superior:

"You see, Honorable Sir, these beasts of Chinese, these lowly people, are sometimes too stupid to be afraid. Therefore, we have pursued other courses."

Shima smiled, noting the satisfaction on the Colonel's face. Capital! All in the division knew of Shima's tortures, how they had been inflicted on the enemy Chinese, young and old alike. He, Shima, got results. Tokio, it was said, was quite pleased.

And now the day for which Shima had been waiting had arrived. Shima's pulse jumped as the Colonel rustled some papers, then cleared his throat.

"The High Command is well pleased with the work you have done, Captain," he said importantly. "They have decided to trust you with the newest and most important base of this area." The Colonel looked at his wrist watch as though it were a calender. "You will have one month in which to complete the job. When our glorious troops move in on the morning of X Day to cut a road through the enemy, there ammunition must be waiting, as well as petrol for for the trucks and planes." His pig-like eyes glittered. "I need not tell you the reward if the mission is successfully completed." A glint of beady eyes. "Nor what will happen if you fail."

Shima drew himself up to his full five feet two. "I shall not fail, Honorable Colonel."

It was a vow he intended to keep, for too well did he know what had happened to those of his rank who failed in their tasks. "But to me, Shima," he boasted to his aide, "no such thing as ill-fortune can befall. For I shall plan wisely, leave nothing to chance."

No, nothing should be left to chance. In the skies, somewhere behind the cumulus clouds, lurked the ever-present menace of the Flying Tigers. Not today were they the small force of the early war with these Chinese. Now, since the Emperor had seen fit to punish the ungrateful British and Americans, the skies sometimes were black with the accursed planes of the enemy. One never knew where or when they would strike. However, in Shima, they would find a worthy foeman, for he would effectively conceal his base of operations.

"But how will that be done, Captain," his surprised aides had asked at conferences. "These Chinese have many eyes and ears, and many tongues. Somehow, word will be sent to the enemy, and they will bomb our base."

"By the time they receive such word," Shima replied confidently, "our mission here will have been accomplished. Our troops and planes will pick up the ammunition and petrol, then carve their way with swords of fire through the weak-hearted Americans." Shima's crafty smile fell upon his auditors. "The Chinese work party will be hand-picked and under constant guard every moment. When they finish the job, they will be shot."

These words he spoke the day before work on the base started. That same evening, hiding in a cellar, the old men of the town gathered, to talk over this new terror, to devise a way in which to inform the Allies of this new base. And among the men was Old Pao, mute and deaf. He was as yet unaware that on him, alone, would rest the honor of the Chinese.

Old Pao was so old now that all his days were like a dream. A dream of the past. His thoughts now were of his friend, the good missionary Allan, who had given his life in the struggle against the enemy. At Singapore, that had been, and Old Pao's heart had sorrowed that black day two years earlier when the word had come.

At first it had been hard to believe that no more would he, Old Pao, watch again the lips of this man who had been so kind to him. Nor would he see once more the glorious light on the missionary's face as he would talk of freedom for all mankind.

"The chance to read good books, to enjoy music and pictures, good food and a good home, happy children." As though he were tabulating figures on his abacus, Old Pao murmured the many thoughts of his good friend.

Then, for a moment, Old Pao's heart became heavy, and filled with hate against these cruel men from across the China Sea, these torturers and murderers who were like the locusts. And he remembered why he was here.

"The thing we must find out," Mang, who had once been a successful merchant, was saying, "is the exact day the troops and planes will arrive. Our good friends from America and Great Britain must have this information in order to give these beasts the surprise of Death."

"But how . . . how are we to do this?" someone asked. "This Captain Shima is crafty and cruel. There is no way of foreseeing what he will do to us. Did he not say today he has taken great measures of caution."

Mang's brows furrowed. "Nevertheless," he said, "we, the old men, must learn this information. For our children will be forced to work under guard.

Perhaps they will take some of us, too." He smiled ruefully. "Old Pao is the only one they will leave alone, for he walks not, and his eyes are weak and covered with film."

Old Pao merely smiled. He was back again with the good missionary Allan, unaware that destiny had marked him out to be a hero.

Shima, himself, selected Old Pao from the group he ordered assembled that morning in the village square. As Mang had foreseen, the stronger children were selected to do the work, and even he and a few of the other men were herded into the trucks and driven to the base.

Old Pao, weak and tottering, was leaning against a wall as Shima approached, looked at him, and said: "Old fool, you will work in my headquarters to release a stronger of your fools for important work."

Shima's gloved hand struck the old man across the face.

It didn't hurt. An old man can wrap himself in his memories, and though a torturer tear out his tongue and puncture his ears, so that he cannot hear nor speak, no pain can enter.

Shima's torturer did not take out Old Pao's eyes, otherwise the ancient could not have cleaned the headquarters. Day after day, Old Pao attended to his job, received the kicks and oaths of his captors—and watched the calender.

The day's were falling away, like the leaves on the old tree in front of Shima's headquarters. On Shima's face each day, there was the story of progress. And if that were not enough, Shima used to delight his aides daily with stories of how successfully he was fooling the American scout planes. For a week now, a plane of American make had been hovering around Shima's headquarters.

"The fools suspect I am up to something," Shima boasted. "They do not realize what important work is going on a few miles from here, so successfully have we camouflaged our job." Thus freely did Shima talk, for he had no fear of his words reaching enemy ears. There was only Pao to hear, and *his* hearing had been removed along with his tongue. Further, the old man was never permitted to go beyond the shadow of the old tree in front of headquarters.

"Yes," Shima said on this memorable morning, as he stood before his mirror shaving. "I have an important announcement to make, gentlemen." He beamed importantly to his expectant staff members. "Today our job will be completed, and tomorrow our troops will move up." He laughed. "Right under the enemy's nose."

"Banzai, Honorable Captain." It was a spontaneous cheer, and Shima smiled in gratification. His men were aware of his greatness, of the Colonelcy that was almost certain. Well, he would take some of them with him when he left. He glowered, then launched a kick at Old Pao who had rustled papers in a wastebasket, interrupting the speech.

"Out, dog," he roared, and drew back his hand to strike Old Pao. The latter cowered in fear, then his face went white as Shima's mirror, struck by the backward motion of the Captain's arm fell from the wall and broke into four pieces.

Shima's face clouded. "Clean this up, dog, and keep out of here!" The officers laughed as Shima's next blow sent Old Pao flat on his face. The old man got to his knees. He picked up the shards of glass, and scurried out of the room.

"Now we will get to business, gentlemen," Shima said. "After tomorrow, every Chinese in this town will be shot."

Old Pao was hiding in the branches of the tall tree. He stayed there that night, as Captain Shima made plans for his great honor, the town slept. Only Old Pao remained awake.

But in the morning, as dawn broke, he was at headquarters as usual, cleaning up the revelry of the night before. Captain Shima stood before the window, alternately looking out it, and at his watch. In another half hour it would be time for him to meet the incoming troops. He smiled. "There might even be a high medal for this," he told himself. "Perhaps a. . . .

The explosion rocked the house, sent him to his knees. There was another terrific roar, then, after that, the sound of many planes. Shima crawled to the window, reached it just as the alarm sirens went off. "American planes!" he gasped, "The ammunition dump, the petrol, the troops!" It was almost as though he were there, seeing it. "I've got to get there!"

He whirled, then his eyes filled with fear. Just before Old Pao struck, Captain Shima saw the long shard of glass in the old man's hand.

It entered Shima's throat, trembled there, as if communicating the old man's excitement. Shima fell to the floor, kicked convulsively, then lay still.

Silent and unobserved, the old man left the room.

That same night, his eyes watched the lips of Mang, the former merchant. From Mang's lips tributes, like blossoms of the lotus, were flowing. "And Old Pao took the broken pieces of the shaving mirror and set them in top of the tree in front of headquarters, so that the American patrol plane would see the code, and know that on the morrow the Japanese would arrive."

His face was alight with triumph. "Everyone of them slaughtered, and the dump wiped out," he said. He smiled. "Shima could not have made a more excellent choice, for our cause, than to select Old Pao and deafen him. It is unfortunate that the accursed Shima will never know that, many years ago, the good missionary Allan taught Old Pao how to read lips in order that he might bear up under the affliction that had been his since birth."

Old Pao drowsed on, a smile on his face. "Soon," he was thinking, "Death will guide me to my good friend, the missionary Allan."

It would be nice to see him again.

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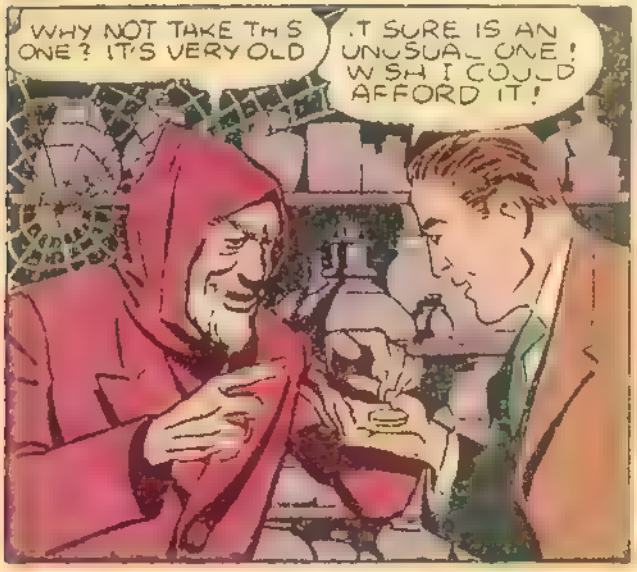
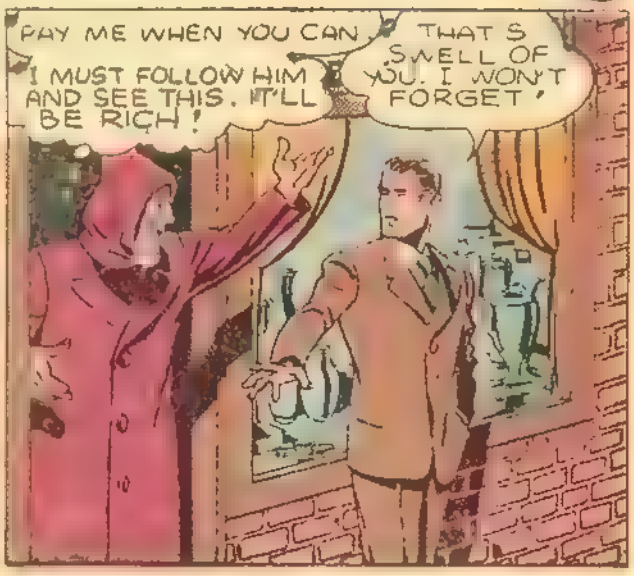
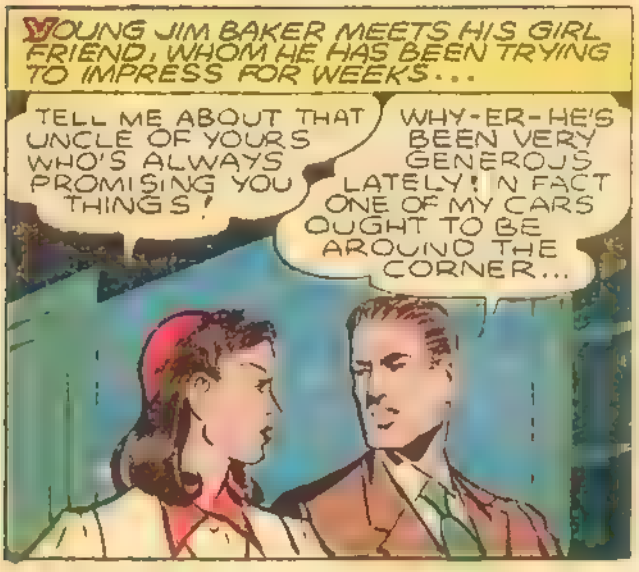
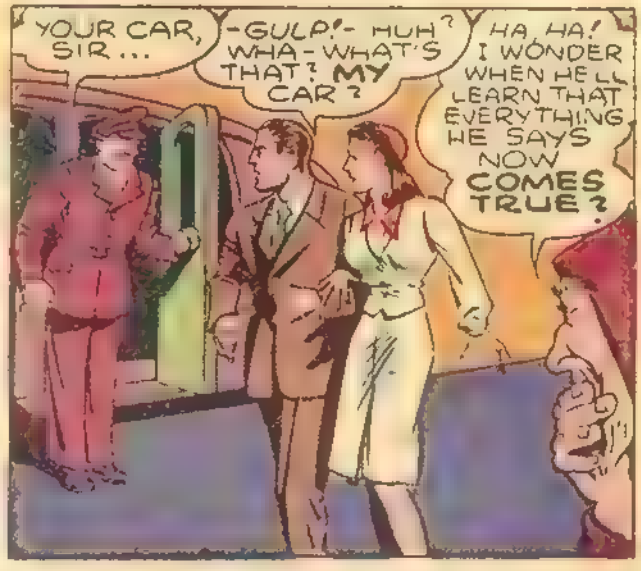
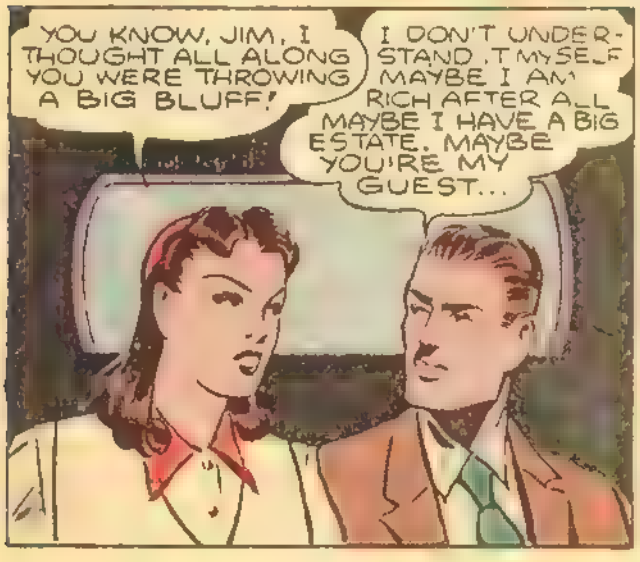
ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
IN THE OLDEN DAYS, PAN WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE ON MOUNT OLYMPUS. TODAY MEN SAY HE STILL ROAMS THE EARTH, AND ONCE IN A WHILE PLAYS HIS OLD-TIME PRANKS ON MANKIND. ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN, KNOWS BEST. IF THIS IS SO, FOR IT IS ZATARA WHO MUST COUNTERACT THE ILL EFFECTS OF...
"The PRANKS of PAN!"
ON A TINY SHOD OFF MAIN STREET, A STRANGELY APPARELLED FIGURE MAKES WEIRD PASSES OVER AN ANTIQUE COIN...
I HAVEN'T LAUGHED IN SO LONG, IT'S TIME TO TRY SOME TRICKS ON MEN AGAIN. LET'S SEE NOW.. I THINK I'LL MAKE THIS COIN SOMETHING SPECIAL...
SHALL COME TRUE!

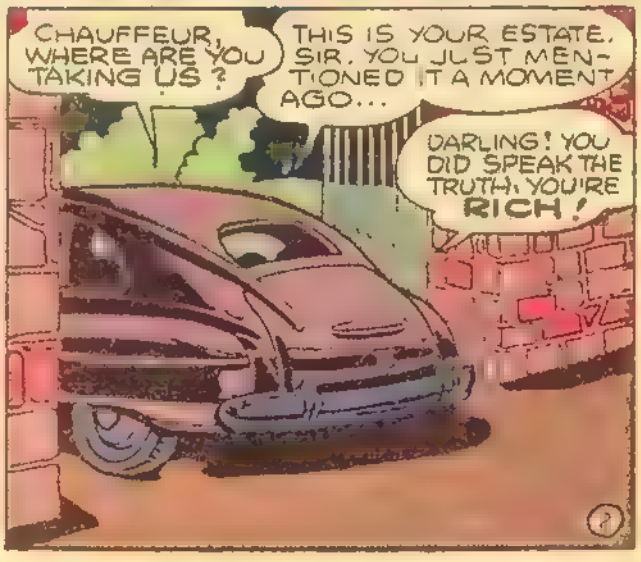

WHY NOT TAKE THIS ONE? IT'S VERY OLD
IT SURE IS AN UNUSUAL ONE! WISH I COULD AFFORD IT!


PAY ME WHEN YOU CAN
I MUST FOLLOW HIM AND SEE THIS. IT'LL BE RICH!
THAT'S SWELL OF YOU. I WON'T FORGET!

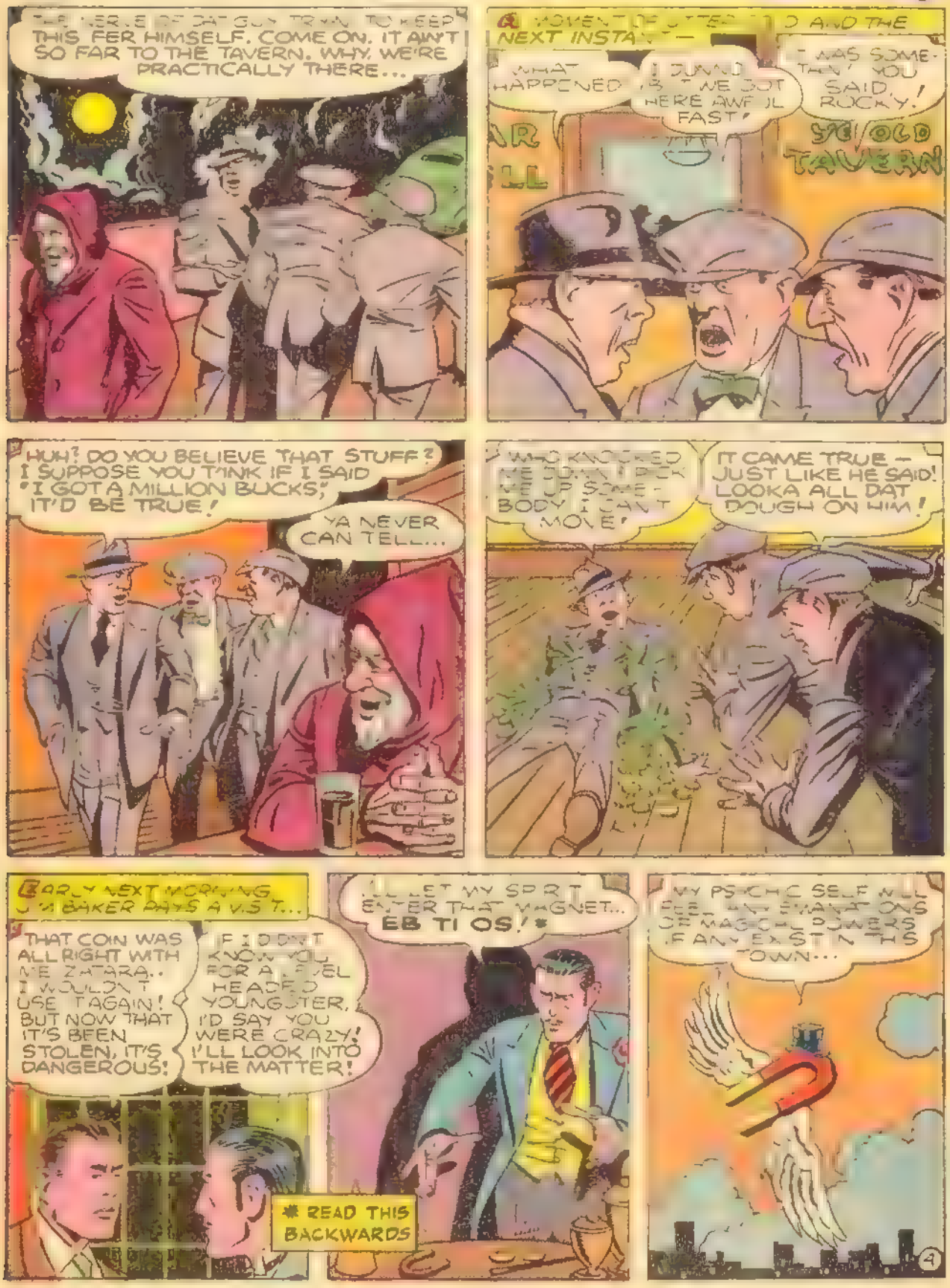

YOUNG JIM BAKER MEETS HIS GIRL FRIEND, WHOM HE HAS BEEN TRYING TO IMPRESS FOR WEEKS...
TELL ME ABOUT THAT UNCLE OF YOURS WHO'S ALWAYS PROMISING YOU THINGS!
WHY-ER-HE'S BEEN VERY GENEROUS LATELY! IN FACT ONE OF MY CARS OUGHT TO BE AROUND THE CORNER...

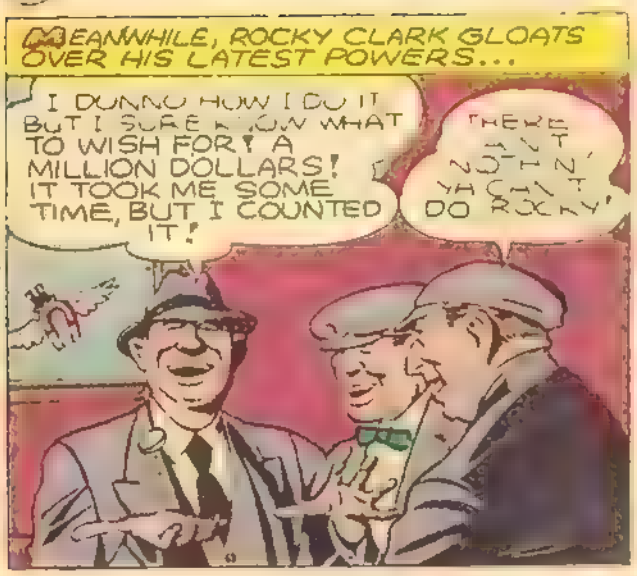

YOUR CAR, SIR...
-GULP!- HUH? WHA-WHAT'S THAT? MY CAR?
HA, HA! I WONDER WHEN HE'LL LEARN THAT EVERYTHING HE SAYS NOW COMES TRUE?

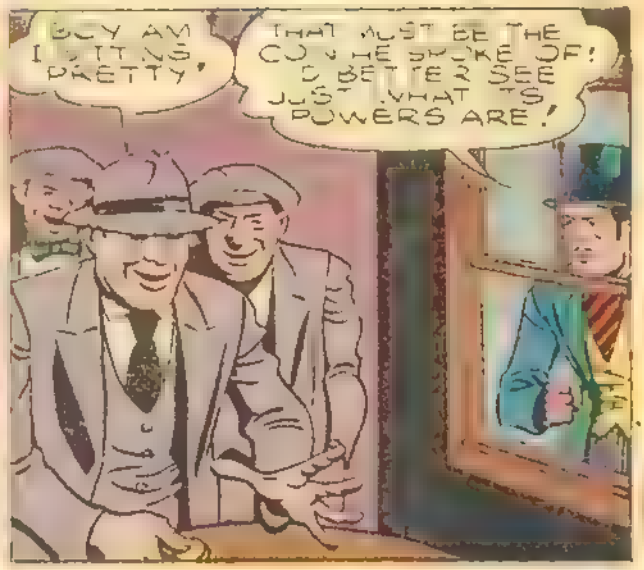

YOU KNOW, JIM, I THOUGHT ALL ALONG YOU WERE THROWING A BIG BLUFF!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT MYSELF MAYBE I AM RICH AFTER ALL MAYBE I HAVE A BIG ESTATE. MAYBE YOU'RE MY GUEST...

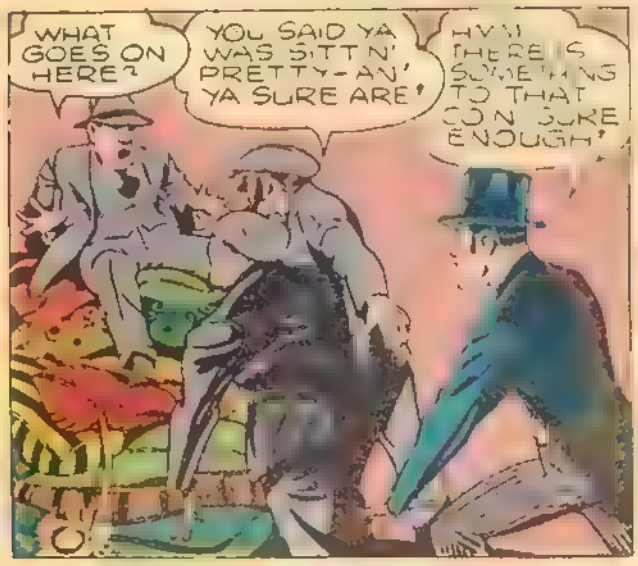

CHAUFFEUR, WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?
THIS IS YOUR ESTATE, SIR. YOU JUST MENTIONED IT A MOMENT AGO...
DARLING! YOU DID SPEAK THE TRUTH. YOU'RE RICH!

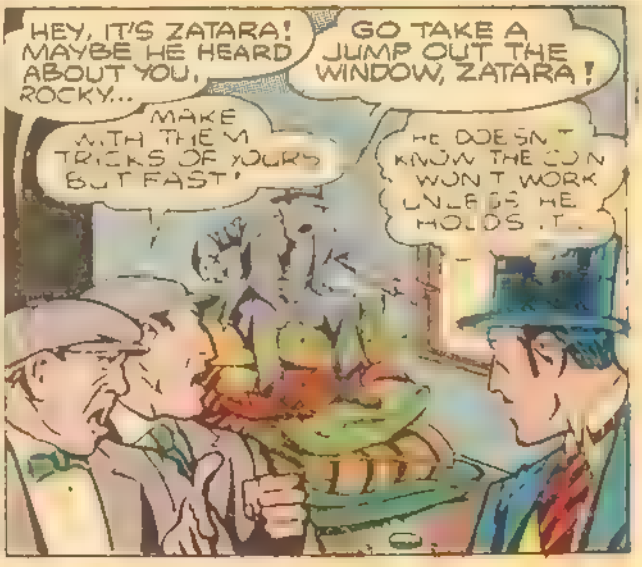
I'M SCARED! ALL THESE THINGS HAPPENING TO ME. IT ISN'T NATURAL...
YOU SOUND AS IF THIS S AS MUCH A SURPR SE TO YOU AS T IS TO ME!
IT MUST BE THIS COIN. EVER SINCE I GOT IT, THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN...
HE'S GETTING WISE I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE A WAY TO GET THE COIN AWAY FROM HIM.
I'LL TRY IT OUT AGAIN... THERE'S A BIG SHIP IN THIS ROOM... GULP! IT WORKS ALL RIGHT!
I'D BETTER PUT THIS AWAY IF THE WRONG GUY GOT HOLD OF IT, THAT WOULD BE TERRIBLE!
THAT NIGHT PAN PAYS A VISIT TO A DOWNTOWN TAVERN...
I TELL YOU THAT NEW HOUSE ON THE HILL HAS PLENTY. IT WOULDN'T TAKE ANY TIME AT ALL TO GO THROUGH IT.
OKAY BUD! T'ANKS FER DA TIP!
THERE'S AN OLD COIN I WANT. YOU CAN HAVE THE REST.
OH, YEAH? THAT COIN MUST BE WORTH PLENTY IF YOUSE WANTS IT SO BAD!
SO, I'LL JUST KEEP IT MYSELF! SCRAM, BUDDY!
I KNEW HE'D WANT IT! GOOD! ANOTHER PERSON WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT WILL DO...

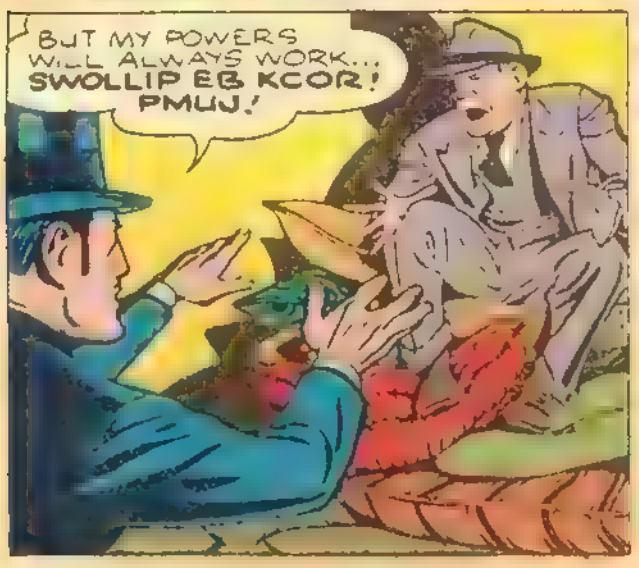

THE NERVE OF DAT GUY TRYIN' TO KEEP THIS FER HIMSELF. COME ON. IT AIN'T SO FAR TO THE TAVERN. WHY, WE'RE PRACTICALLY THERE...
A MOMENT LATER — AND THE NEXT INSTANT —
WHAT HAPPENED?
I DUNNO, BUT WE GOT HERE AWFUL FAST!
I WAS SOMETHIN' YOU SAID, ROCKY!
YE OLD TAVERN
HUH? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT STUFF? I SUPPOSE YOU TINK IF I SAID "I GOT A MILLION BUCKS," IT'D BE TRUE!
YA NEVER CAN TELL...
WHO KNOCKED ME DOWN? PICK ME UP SOMEBODY! I CAN'T MOVE!
IT CAME TRUE — JUST LIKE HE SAID! LOOKA ALL DAT DOUGH ON HIM!
EARLY NEXT MORNING... J. 'N BAKER PAYS A VISIT...
THAT COIN WAS ALL RIGHT WITH ME ZATARA.. I WOULDN'T USE IT AGAIN! BUT NOW THAT IT'S BEEN STOLEN, IT'S DANGEROUS!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU FOR A LEVEL HEADED YOUNGSTER, I'D SAY YOU WERE CRAZY! I'LL LOOK INTO THE MATTER!
I'LL LET MY SPIRIT ENTER THAT MAGNET... EB TI OS!*
* READ THIS BACKWARDS
MY PSYCHIC SELF WILL FEEL THE EMANATIONS OF MAGICAL POWERS IF ANY EXIST IN THIS TOWN...
4

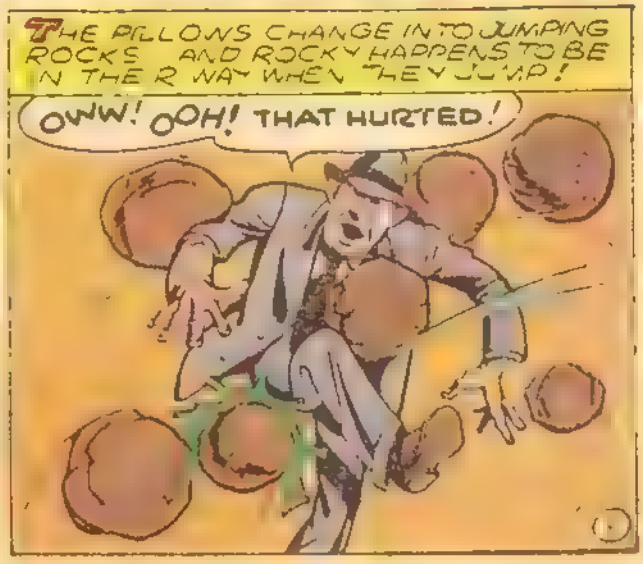

MEANWHILE, ROCKY CLARK GLOATS OVER HIS LATEST POWERS...
I DUNNO HOW I DO IT BUT I SURE KNOW WHAT TO WISH FOR! A MILLION DOLLARS! IT TOOK ME SOME TIME, BUT I COUNTED IT!
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' YA CAN'T DO ROCKY!


BOY AM I SITTIN' PRETTY!
THAT MUST BE THE COIN HE SPOKE OF! I'D BETTER SEE JUST WHAT ITS POWERS ARE!


WHAT GOES ON HERE?
YOU SAID YA WAS SITTIN' PRETTY-AN' YA SURE ARE!
HMM! THERE IS SOMETHING TO THAT COIN SURE ENOUGH!


HEY, IT'S ZATARA! MAYBE HE HEARD ABOUT YOU, ROCKY...
GO TAKE A JUMP OUT THE WINDOW, ZATARA!
MAKE WITH THEM TRICKS OF YOURS BUT FAST!
HE DOESN'T KNOW THE COIN WON'T WORK UNLESS HE HOLDS IT.


BUT MY POWERS WILL ALWAYS WORK... SWOLLIP EB KCOR! PMUJ!


THE PILLOWS CHANGE INTO JUMPING ROCKS AND ROCKY HAPPENS TO BE IN THEIR WAY WHEN THEY JUMP!
OWW! OOH! THAT HURTED!

PLUG HIM, SOMEBODY...
SNUG EB EC! DLOC!
OOOOH... THAT'S COLD!
MY HAND IS STUCK TIGHT TO IT! I CAN'T GET RID OF IT!
NOW IT'S TURNING US INTO ICICLES!
BRRRR! BRRRR!
THIS OUGHT TO WARM YOU UP... SEHCROT NRUB!
HEY - THAT'S HOT! OWWW!
OOOW... I'M BURNIN' UP! OOOH!
AREN'T YOU EVER SATISFIED! FIRST YOU WERE TOO COLD, NOW YOU'RE TOO HOT!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!
JUST AS I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, MAGICIAN!
WHO'RE YOU?
I AM PAN, THE SPIRIT OF SPRING, OF WOOD AND STREAM, OF JOKES AND LAUGHTER... BEGONE, ZATARA! YOU ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN!
A SPLIT SECOND LATER...
I ALMOST STILL DON'T BELIEVE THAT WAS PAN -- BUT HOWEVER HE DID THIS, IT'S STILL A GOOD TRICK. I KNOW A FEW OF MY OWN, THOUGH...
6

NAM FO RETAW EGREME!
I HEAR AND OBEY...
A VAST WATER GIANT RISES FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN!

I SHALL RETURN YOU TO THE CITY IN SHORT ORDER, ZATARA!
AND THEN I'LL PUT THAT PAN INTO THE FRYING PAN, ALL RIGHT!

MEANWHILE...
ARISE, LAZY SLUGGARDS!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE AM I?

I GOT RID OF ZATARA FOR YOU! HE WON'T TROUBLE YOU. NOW GO OUT AND ENJOY YOURSELVES...
WOW, I FEEL SO GOOD I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND ROB SOMEBODY!
ME TOO!

SOME MOMENTS LATER...
WHETHER I BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I HAVE TO GET HOLD OF THAT COIN... NIOC EB TOH!

OWW! THAT'S HOT!
MRA WORG!

EB MAETS! AND AS A FORM OF STEAM, LEAVE THIS WORLD AND RETURN NO MORE...
THE COIN! ... HE HAS IT... AND I'M HELPLESS-
7

PMAL KAEPS! WHERE DID ROCKY AND HIS GANG GO?
TO THE BANK ON THE CORNER, ZATARA! THEY SAID THEY WERE GOING TO ROB IT!
I HEAR THE TUMBLERS CLICKIN'! SHE'LL BE OPEN IN A MINUTE!
THIS IS SWELL. NOT HAVIN' TO WORRY ABOUT THAT GUY ZATARA!
IT'S LIKE A DREAM!
ULLP! THAT WAS A SHORT DREAM, WASN'T IT?
HIM! YEEEOW!
GREETINGS, BOYS! ROOLF WORG HTEET!
OUCH!
OWW!
OOOOH!
NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN GET YOUR TEETH INTO!
PLEASE, MR. ZATARA, DON'T DO NO MORE TRICKS TO US!
YEAH, WE QUIT!
WE SHOULDA KNOWN THAT PAN GUY WAS JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN...
OKAY, BOYS... EB NI LIAJ!
HEY, HOW'D THEM GUYS GET IN THAT EMPTY CELL?
BROTHER, AFTER WHAT WE BEEN THROUGH, THIS IS HEAVEN!
LOOKS LIKE THEY WAS GLAD TO BE THERE, TOO!
AND PAN? HE'S BACK ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.
MAGIC? BAH, I'D BETTER DO SOME STUDYING UP! I GUESS MY STUFF IS PRETTY OLD FASHIONED, AFTER ALL...

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